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MUSEVM
BRITAN
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PICTURE

O F

Love Unveil'd.

Humbly dedicated to Madam,
M. A.

Madam,

THE reason why I
thought fit to dedicate
this Novel to a *Wo-*
man, was because the
subject is soft and feminine; but
the powerful bias which deter-
min'd

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18
min'd

The Epistle Deditatory.

min'd my Choice to you for its Patrons, were those many and great Obligations which you have upon me; whereby like Heaven you claim a right to all my endeavours. I say a right, for I am far from the vanity of thinking this or any other present I can make you, such a *free-will-offering*, as may in the least pretend to be *meritorious*. No Madam, you have so much got the *Stars* of me in Obligations, and have such an anticipating *Mortgage* on the residue of my actions, that I can do you no piece of service which you had not a Title to before: Like Votaries in Religion, who cannot burn Incense to the Gods, but with their own perfumes. But though we are not so *Impicussly* vain, as to think we oblige Heaven when we erect Altars, and Consecrate Temples; yet Religion allows us to expect, and the Divine good

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ness vouchsafes us favourable acceptance. But to question my success in that, were to measure your goodness by the narrowness of my own merit. Especially since the Oblation is attended with so much devotion, and, in the most *Literal* sense, is all over *Love*. And this gives me occasion to say a word or two concerning the work it self. That which I here present you with, is the Picture of Love, a very excellent *piece*, drawn to the life in every *Feature*. This admirable Picture (so natural is modesty to great and true worth) has a long time conceal'd it self under a foreign veil, by the removal of which, I have added one degree of goodness more to its many excellencies, *Communication*. Indeed I thought it unreasonable, since *Love* and *Religion* are things equally implanted in the hearts of all Mankind,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that the Myſteries of one ſhould
be contain'd in an unknown
Tongue, more than thoſe of the
other. And now Madam I have
one more Dedication to you, and
that is of my ſelf, who am with
all imaginable ſincerity, your moſt
devoted Servant,

Phil-icon-erus.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Author of this Translation thinks fit to acquaint the Reader, that although he admires Effigies Amoris as an Author which for sweetness of fancy, neatness of Stile, and lusciousness of hidden sense may compare, to say no more, with any extant; yet he has not been so Judaically superstitious, as to adhere to every minute Phrase, or particle of sense; contenting himself that he has not let any one thought of moment escape him. Justice to the Author requires the one, and the privilege of a Translator justifies

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The Preface.

stifies the other. For certainly that verbal and servile way of Translating, is the worst ridiculing of a well Penn'd Discourse that can be, and serves for no end, but only to help out a despairing School-boy, at a dead list. Yet lest any should suspect this as a pre-conceived Apology for a too licentious Innovation, he would have them observe, that where the Authors Idiom will fall in naturally with our own (which is no contradiction, for he does not take [Idiom] in that rigorous sense, as Logicians do their proprium quarto modo, but only for a true customary measure of speaking, wherein Languages may sometimes, agree, and sometimes not) he prefers it, which is enough to acquit him from that charge. In the next place he desires that none would pretend to Criticize on the Translation but those who thoroughly understand the Original; and then he

1708 A

The Preface.

thinks he shall have but few and those Judicious Criticks. For certainly the sense of this Author lies so far in, that 'tis not to be seen through by a purblind apprehension, no nor by a Cursory glance of the most quick-sighted mind. His thoughts are so numerous, sublime and depending, his images of things so fine-wrought and pathological, his method so secret and lurking, yet withal so accurate, that they require as much advertency of mind as a Mathematical Demonstration. Nay there are some such mystical and exalted Conceptions in him, as can scarce be reach'd but by a Reader almost Dieted into a Platonist; and, as Des-Cartes says of his Metaphysical Meditations, cannot be understood as they should be; but by a Mind sequestred from all Commerce with the Senses. The Judicious Reader will think this no Hyperbola, when he shall find that
after

The Preface

after he has thought himself possess'd of the very Mind and Soul of the Author, upon a review or more leisurely inspection, he will discern new Thoughts like little Stars glimmering out of the Rich Galaxy, and spring a Mine of undiscovered Sense. And then the found Treasure, besides the sweetness of Conquest, will abundantly recompence the pains of the most diligent enquiry. Here you have Love traced through all its various notions and acceptations, and represented in the most perfect and refined Idea of each: the Measures and Offices of Friendship stated, true generous Friendships distinguish'd from those Mercenary and Sensual Associations, which usurp that Sacred Name, such as Plutarch calls *Βιωμα ή πομπηα φιλια*, the Idols and Apes of Friendship, an account of almost all Pathology, wherein the Passions are so sweetly

The Preface.

represented, as to make a Stoick
in Love with them; and all this
perform'd with the Accurateness
of a Moralist, tho' yet with the
Elegance of a Rhetorician. To
mention but one Commendation
more, which must not be omit-
ted,

Nil dictu foedum vi-
sive hæc limina
tangit.

Here is nothing immodest or ob-
scene, no Thoughts which would
forfeit a state of Innocence, or
Profane the Cell of an Hermite.
In the most sensitive Images of
Love and Passion, the Modest A-
nelles has drawn Venus but to
the Waist. But 'tis impossible to
represent this Author as well as
she has done Love; neither in-
dred

The Preface.

deed does he need any commendatory Pass-port, he carries worth enough with him to approve him to all those that understand him.

Some

Some body being very
inquisitive to know
what Love was, the
Author returns him
this answer.

I Am too Sensible of the Wanton
Tyranny of *Imperious Love*, and
with what severe trials it con-
stantly exercises the affections.
But although to Love be as great a la-
bour as any of *Hercules's*, since it con-
tinually imposes new tasks and Pilgri-
mages, allots us most *Rigorous* services,
and perversly contrives to please with
Cruelty; Yet nevertheless we are well
content (we who have sworn Alle-
giance to Love) that it freely exer-
cise this its unlimited dominion, that
the Authority of the Impositions
may

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

may magnifie both its own Sovereignty and our compliance. Let it command us what is in our Power, and what is not in our Power (except this one thing, not to Love) neither let it exact any thing below a Miracle, since with the Command it gives ability, elevates the Mind above it self, and makes the Man commence a Deity. So that he deserves not the name of a Lover, who does not act beyond the Sphere of All, and rise up to his wishes by Heroical undertakings. No, he is but a Novice in Love who does not act somewhat above himself in obedience to his Passion.

Lovers
can do all
things,
even be-
yond their
strength.

Every one is the most pleasing Spectacle to himself. Whatever by drawing us to our selves makes our embraces, is highly dear to us: But if it render us unlovely it becomes dearer by deformity it self.

But you (*my friend*) with equity re-demand adraught of those affections which you your self first taught me, though divested of your own grace and Elegancy. Is it because it will be so delightful to you to Contemplate the reflected Image of your self, which is as lively engraven on my Devoted breast, as on an Adamantine Table: and will so please you to take a nice and Critical survey of me as far as I may appear.

The Picture of Love Unvail'd.

3

appear the workmanship of your own Art? Or is it because your Image can receive no disadvantage from any blemish of the matter, but like the Sun gilds even the spots themselves with its Lustre, that you will not, like a peevish Lady, be displeas'd at your Looking-glass, for presenting you with deformities which are none of your own, and as it were *Burlesquing* your face? I know not how it comes to pass, but we have a kind of Love for the very decrepit shadows which are the reproach of our own Bodies, and are apt to pay a more awful Veneration to maimed Statues. So Parents are commonly more tenderly affected toward their mis-shapen Children (as if Nature had so order'd it as a Solace to misfortune) and treat these Monsters of the Womb with greater reverence, as if they were the presages of something extraordinary. Whereas all others deride the transposed Mass of a distorted Body, the *Anagram* of a Man. Certainly there is something sacred in Deformity. The Prophets thought it more Divine than any Beauty, more fit to represent the Grandeur of a Deity, and render an Oracle

Or from this very shew of injury or antiquity.

Deformity is a sacred thing.

Oracle Majestick. It does at once
 scare Mortals and lecture them, and
 challenges not so much our Love as our
 adoration. Every one is the most
 pleasing object and Charming specta-
 cle to himself, and the eye seems to
 be priviledged with the pleasure of
 the mind, while it reflects its sight
 upon it self, being at once the object
 and the beholder. Whatever that is
 which by shewing us to our selves
 doubles our embraces, must needs
 be highly pretious. But if it repre-
 sent us maim'd and defective, it ac-
 quires a new value from the very shew
 of Injury or Antiquity. I am not

'Tis the
 Mystery of
 Love,
 which can-
 not be ex-
 press'd,
 unless it
 be its own
 Interpre-
 ter.

therefore a little indebted to Nature
 for making my Mind a *blank Table*
 though for no other Reason than this
 that it might receive so much of your
 Image, whereby it might delight
 both it self and you. But 'tis a pro-
digy (they say) when Images once be-
 gin to speak.

And indeed I find it far easier to
 Love, than to express that which de-
 lights only to be perceived, not to be
 shewn; and because lodged in the re-
 cesses of the Heart, disdains to admit
 the Tongue to be its consort. That
 which

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

5

which none of us have learnt from precedents and instructions, but then only begin to know when we have all experimented it. You would say *Cupid* were not only *blind* but *Dumb*, since he renders every member of the Body vocal except the Tongue. Hence 'tis that Lovers with more Eloquence communicate sighs than words, as so many Internunciary particles of vital Air, and like Doves of *Venus* mourn forth animated Letters. Hence 'tis that they keep a *silent* intercourse with their fingers, now eloquent without a Pen, and weave Dialogues in little Posies. They hear one anothers mutual wishes, and read one anothers visible Souls, by those vocal Messengers of the Affections, *affable* Nods, and *darting* Smiles. Sometimes their *significant* gestures composed as it were of so many Rhetorical figures, court in a various and Mysterious Dialect. Sometimes their ranging aspects are earnestly fix'd on one another as on strangers, and while they seem to disown all acquaintance, grow familiar by stealth. Sometimes their contracted brows pretend a Passion, yet they do but all the while *industriously* fawne,

and

The Idioms of Lovers like those of Embassadors, are delivered in inverted characters.

They converse like Angels by intuition, the Will not the Intellect explaining it self.

and *designedly* wait for delicate pleasures. Sometimes their Souls interchangeably gliding from their Eyes take a *Cursor* taste of *Bride-kisses* at a distance, and bring home their stolen Sweets with Triumph. 'Tis once their greatest boast and pleasure to remain undiscover'd. Thus that which has so often appear'd in Theatres, does still decline spectators, and acts its Plays in its own disguise. Methinks these Divine converters enjoy a Priviledge above the Laws of Human Commerce, thus to hit one anothers meanings by most infallible tokens, to pry into the very inward parts, and to entertain themselves with a *Divination* rather than a Conference. For they are mutually discern'd by the clearer vision of thought, before they deliver themselves in words, or know how to counterfeit; and their wishes become visible like Phantoms, but withall, like some Pictures, cannot be understood with less art than was used in the making. They uncase themselves of their Bodies like gods quitting their Shrines, and not only expose themselves to view, but intermix, and in-

fuse

se a Soul into each other with even
 accent. Their wandring and ec-
 static Souls freely pass to and fro as
 were within the same Body, and
 converse as softly as if in a Soliloquy.
 This one Passion cannot possibly be
 express'd, but is as a Mystery to
 be adored, whose Rites, like some of
 the greatest Antiquity among the gods,
 are shrowded, no less than Crimes,
 with a bashful secrecy. All Love has
 a Veil, and the Votaries of *Venus* has its
Aeneas go furrounded with a Veil.
 of sound, and in the most popular con-
 course enjoy a concealment. Neither
 does *Cupid* content himself with a sin-
 gle veil, but loves to view wounded
 hearts in *Masquerade*, and to secure
 himself invisible. So that Love, to
 lose his Friendly Influence the orderly
 system of the Universe owes its com-
 pture, has left it self in confusion,
 try'd in the Old Chaos and Primitive
 curity.

Venus has hitherto avoided the Sun Love is an
 a betrayer of her Secresse; and to unexpress'd
 prevent discovery, some god or other sible Mis-
 shut up all kind of Love as well tery.
 out of *Paphos*, in a Labyrinth,
 as if it chance to be taken, it ap-
 pears

pears all over intangled with Nets and Toiles; or confusedly wrapped up like a Monster. Indeed every Lover is a Riddle and a blind Problem to himself. He lives *Amphibiously*, and is made up of contradictory Passions, waisted up and down by those alternate tides of his Breast, so that from him you may learn that contrary winds and *Seditious* Waters gave birth to *Venus*. Is it so that the same person is enslaved and yet acts with all freedom, is master of his own will, yet at the same time subject to anothers, and like the manumiss'd Slaves of Emperors purchases his power over his Mistresses by a long Apprentiship of servitude and compliance? Is it so that the same Person, by an happy contradiction, is at once both dead and alive, and *Phoenix*-like makes himself a *vital* Funeral-pile, that he may revive more Nobly from his Flames? Is it so that there is so much *maliciousness* and malice in the desires of Lovers, as to wish them miserable, who are most dear to them, only that they may have an opportunity to relieve their misfortune? First to inflict a wound, that they may be the Authors

It is also
a Riddle.

Love-Pro-
blems.

At once
malicious
and bene-
volous.

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

9

of its Cure? To wish them deserted
of their Friends and Fortune, that they
may succeed in their Room? So that
necessity rather than *Courtship* and *Me-*
rit, may allure them into their em-
braces? 'Tis hard to know whether
you have to deal with a friend or an
enemy, since the same part is thus en-
tiously acted by hatred and too ardent
affection. 'Tis somewhat unkindly
in one to deprecate the Love of others,
that he himself may engross all, and
to forbid and implead all other com-
panions as encroaching on his pecu-
liar; nay more, studiously to contrive
how to prevent the growing wisdom
of his dearest, lest it should occasion
contempt of himself. For 'tis ex- No Love
pedient that the Person *Love'd*, as without
well as the *Lover* be blind. How al- some In-
does the feverish and Love-sick dignation.
cast labour under the alternate Pa-
rysms of heat and cold. Neither
there any Love without a mixture
of indignation. He curses (and that
justly too) his pleasing torment
that scorches him in these flames,
snatches him from Himself: but
like the fly, he loves to sport
in the dazzling brightness, and from
so

so divine an Author to enjoy a Noble ruin.

The unhappy Lover seeks for himself out of himself, and lingers on purpose to be caught, that he may have the happiness of redeeming himself, and know no better way to be next to himself than to approach as nigh as he can to the Possessour of his Heart. He finds it a difficult thing to Love, and much more not to Love, but the greatest difficulty of all is to *acquiesce* in the fruition of his Love. He cannot be otherwise than miserable, since the issue of his desires is as uneasy to him as the desires themselves: So that should suspicious Heaven favour him with a succesful Love, he presently wishes again for his former disquiets, and seems to miss that pleasing Torment, to sigh and languish. So much more pleasant is it to be always *advancing* toward an Enjoyment, than to be *lock'd up* in the Chains of an Embrace. And truly every one thinks more highly of his desires, than of the Accomplishment of them. No condition certainly can make him happy, who pines at fruition it self, as depriving him of his

able and pensive Pleasures. And this is the hard Misfortune of all Lovers, who though never so much the Favourites of Fortune, yet can never be happy through the conspiracy of their own Minds.

How strange is it that he should shun the presence of that Person as some boding object, whose aspect is yet the very *Manna* of his Soul, and the Rays of whose Face he thinks more pleasant than those which saluted him at his Nativity! What a *Paradox* of unhappiness is this to be Master of ones wish, and yet not be able to enjoy it. Why 'tis that Majestic beauty which does at once invite and discourage, 'tis the brightness of that serene Face which like that of the Sun, does at once refresh and dazle the beholder. The poor Votary stands astonish'd with the dread of so great Divinity, which his own fancy has clothed with an awful horror; and thunderstruck like a Cyclops with bolts of his own forging. His Passion has seiz'd his Mistress, so that now the world seems too great and excellent to be made use of, and he is left with a kind of Envy to become

He loves
and fears
the sight
of his
Belov'd.

his own Rival. A Religious concern
 awes him from Embraces, and the
superstition of his Love whispers him
 in the ear, that what he takes for his
 Deity must not be approach'd with
 Corporal Addresses, but only by the
Sallies of thought.

He rejoices
 and
 sighs by
 course.

Certainly this Passion is favour'd
 with the peculiar care of Heaven,
 since it has mingled a Melancholy
 Trembling with its Joys, only to en-
 hance and refine the pleasure. Hence
 'tis that the desires so Torment, as
 that they also please, and the sweets
 are so beset with prickles, that they
 also allay our Complacencies. They
 are sparingly imparted to us, yet so as
 Ladies Faces, which are only more
 openly hid through their thin silk-
 en Veils. So that 'tis their Fortune
 at once to have and want, since they
 aspire at greater Bliss than can
 possibly be enjoy'd all at once. These
 little *antepasts* of Love, to sit by, to
 walk with, to gaze upon, and to
 speak to her, are permitted only one at
 a time. And after all this, the lan-
 guishing and restless Mind, satisfied
 neither with gazing nor conversing,
 aspires unto something more.

which is both out of her reach and knowledge. This is (I know not by what destiny) this is the proper infelicity of Lovers, that because they never use to lay hold on any happiness but in a dream, they *Sceptically* distrust their most real delights, treat them as tenderly as if they were dreams and shadows, refuse to be imposed upon again, and are *afraid* even to enjoy.

This very Passion which composes all other Commotions of the Mind, which Civilizes Men, Brutes and Philosophers, is at variance only with itself, and weds together things of an unlike Nature in a jarring and untimely Union. Do you upbraid our Lover with Effeminacy, whose Arms are fretted only with Embraces; who always breathes out either Perfumes or Sighs; who is struck down with the Menace of a slight frown, and the glance of an Eye? Know that he is also hardy and Masculine, who can endure his careful Vigils, patiently expecting at the door all Night for the Day break of his Mistress's Eyes, and exercising his Mind with such an unbroken repetition of customary hard-

He is at
once effe-
minate
and mas-
culine.

ship, till he become greedy of fresh encounters. He delights to supply the dearth of fears and troubles by his fruitful imagination, to turn the hazards of his health into so many arguments for his Love, the paleness of his Complexion into a mode of Courtship, and by misery it self to demonstrate himself a Lover.

Do you call him stupid, because he's as much affected and inflamed with blows and flouts as with the greatest endearments of kindness? Believ't, he's become all Soul, or at least a Celestial spark of fire, which is insensible of strokes; or if that sound Ridiculous, know that 'tis the Philosophy of Love to conquer anger with kindness, and extinguish one fire with another, but a more noble one. This does notwithstanding rather argue the great fervour, than stupidity of the Lover; for as Injuries disregarded wear off, so lovingly receiv'd are changed into favours; or, as all hard things, are broken upon a yielding softness.

The faults
of a Lover
people.

Why do you still exclaim against him as mad and blind, because he dotes upon the very blemishes of another, as starry ornaments, collect

Beauty out of defects, and by a good-natured mistake, like a *Panegyrist*, graces a fault with the name of a Neighbour Vertue? Let his Mistress be never so careless of her self, the *Artificial* Lover still represents her to himself in the most lively ornament of additional Beauty. But you with too much rigour require a *Censor* instead of a *friend*, and *Judgment* instead of *affection*, by envying the Lover this happy delusion wherein he so pleases himself. Let him impose upon himself this commendable heat, and frame a more than ordinary Idea of her in his mind, whom he intends there to adore and contemplate with a more than ordinary devotion. Painters should not draw Faces too *Conscientiously*, but now and then bestow a favourable stroke, *flatter* the Original, and so polish, the Table, till by its shining smoothness, it become a Looking-glass rather than a picture.

You mistake, if you think the Eyes of Lovers are blinded; no they are only mask'd, and so see the more clearly and securely through their *Avenues* and *Loop-holes*. You may

Blind, but wishat quick-sighted.

rather think them contracted, as the manner of Archers is, that they may take the surer aim. When they stand fix'd on one object, 'tis not through blindness that they see not the rest, but a disdainful and voluntary neglect. When the Eyes weary themselves with gazing on one single object, and, as 'twere of set purpose grow *Bankrupt*, and lay out their whole sight upon it, that they may never see any thing besides, this is not to be blind, but to see too much. If the Entertainment of Philosophy be nothing else but to contemplate Ideas, sure no Employment so Philosophical as to Love. Yea more, if every one Loves just as much as he understands, then what is counted the *Madness* of the Affections, is indeed an Argument of knowledge, to be vehemently Love sick. Hear the Stratagems and Sieges of Lovers, equal to the Conquests over Kingdoms. Look upon the train of Captive Ladies, daily led in Triumph, as so many Living Trophies of their Wit, who must first be *deceiv'd*, before they can be taken and be brought *unwillingly* to what they desire. - So much would they rather

ther be wheedled than plainly lov'd,
 and be circumvented with wiles and
 subtilties, before they are with Em-
 braces. Think, if you can, what
 Enthusiastic Strains are inspir'd by a
 Mistress, what an Itch of Poetry she
 excites in the Passions of a Wound-
 ed Breast, and teaches it to make
 Wanton Sallies in Odes and Epi-
 grams. Ambitious of such an En-
 thusiasm, you will cry out with the
 Poet, *O grant I may be in Love*: And Love has
 ever after invoke *Cupid* instead of Reason in
Apollo. You maliciously err, whoever its Mad-
 ness.
 you are, that take the Mysteries of a
 Divine, Ecstasie for the Wild Ranges
 of an Unhing'd Mind. Love does most
 luckily, without any Consultation,
 dispense his Motions, and with an
 unerring Hand darts forth Humane
 Hearts, though Blind, and so not ca-
 pable of hitting the Mark by aim.
 For his Hand is directed, not by the
 Eye, but some Divine Instinct, nei-
 ther is he steer'd by Reason, but acts
 by somewhat more Divine, like God
 himself, who is not endow'd with
 Reason, which would betray him into
 Error, but prosecutes whate're he
 does by a most Infallible tendency,
 B 4 and

and owes not his Wisdom to the
Chain of Deliberation.

'Tis pecu-
liar to a
wise Man.

How agreeably do these two things
conspire, to Know and to Love! Since
it seems the Prerogative of God, and,
next to him, of a Wise Man, who
knows, as certainly as the Oracle,
who's Best; for to Love any besides
the Best is impossible. This is that
only He, who passes a Judgment as
even, and as true, as the Laws of
Fate. He cannot be said to Love,
who is mis-led by his Opinion, and
who makes an unsuitable choice; or
which one time or other he must
necessarily Hate.

For the Union of Lovers knows no
more how to admit of a Divorce,
than the most Solemn Marriage.
The Virginal Zone is no sooner un-
loos'd, but there succeeds another
Knot, which like the Gordian one,
may perhaps be cut asunder, but ne-
ver unty'd: For although Death can
do the former, yet it cannot the lat-
ter. The Love does not dye with
its departed Object. His Consort
will not seem Old to him, when in-
deed she is, and that Spring of Beau-
ty which is now faded into an Au-
tumn,

The Pillars of Love Unveild.

turnn, will be kept in his faithful
Mind fresh and verdant ; and he will
Love with his *memory* at least his now
disguised and almost unknown Wife.
Nay even after the last separation, his
ever, ever surviving friend shall live in
his tenacious memory, as if he were
divided from him only by the little
intervals of absence : And as often
as he embraces his sweet Phantasm,
he will not yield him dead. You do
nothing, ye Fates, we still continue
our Commerce, we are still a loving
Couple ; you have robb'd others of a
Man, but me not so much as of a sha-
dow. Before we had but one Soul
betwixt us, but now but one Body.
He is lodg'd in me as in his Star or
Orb.

Love is
perpetual.

And now Love seems to have made
its Circle, always returning whence
it began, resembling the Motions of
Heavenly Bodies, it so ends in it self
that it always begins. For he is no
Lover who can one time or other
Love less or not at all. Love has not
as other things any end or satiety,
neither is it like hunger and thirst to
be allay'd by its aliment. It is never
glutted with its gratifications, but is

It is a
Circle.

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

still whetted on with fresh delights : and as if the object were always new, the Lover enjoys a daily *Epicurism* on his admired face. There is a continual spring in his delights, a continual thirst in his Appetite, and he always finds out something more to be fond of. He is always in motion like the Heavenly Bodies and a Contemplative Mind, never rests, never grows weary, but is refresh'd by his labour. He makes the end of one kindness but a step to another, till inflam'd with a double ardour, he first dotes on the Person, and then on his own benefits.

It is a
Death.

'Tis necessary that Love be immortal, either because 'tis vow'd to eternity, or because it always undergoes the changes of Death. For who is there that does not know that the last Will and Death of a Lover must be dated from the time, when he breathes out his Soul in his last sigh to be received by the mouth of another, makes him compleat Heir of himself, dispenses his goods, sending them before as harbingers, whither he is prepared to follow? He has the Divine privilege of Prophets to be rapt out of himself,

self, to enjoy a perpetual Ecstasie of Life, and to be emptied of his own Soul, that he may be more happily replenish'd with anothers. I believe the Transmigration of *Pythagoras* may be thus verifi'd, not by his *Philosophy*, but by his *Love*. For then his desultorious and *Quicksilver* Soul shifting it self at pleasure, of the bodily case as of Cloths, repairs hastily to its pleasanter retreat, and more fair Receptacle, as to the Groves of *Elysium*. No Person can be happy before *this* Death, which is occasion'd by Love and Philosophy. The latter does it by disengaging the Soul from the Body, now all-dissolving in the Contemplation of Amiability: The former, by sending it forth to the imbraces of its fair Object. Thence arises a loathing, hence a flight and riddance of himself. On each hand there is an aspiring to a Fate Noble and void of all *Necessity*, and *Platonic*-like, an ambitious longing for Death. At the sight of a more Elegant Structure, like a delicate and nice Lady, he disseats his own Apartment with impudency, and then ventures out into those florid Regions, where, since it was not his happiness

This is the
Pythagorical
Transmigration,

Whence
blushing
proceeds
from the
fight of
the per-
son, lov'd.

piness to be born, he will sojourn till he grow old in them, or by repeating the rudiments of his life *bere-born*. Whoever you are who will not admit these excursions of fugitive Souls, do but observe more narrowly how the Soul collects it self all to that place, where she approaches nearest to her Dearest. If they joyn hands, you'd swear their *palpable* Souls distributed themselves into the fingers on purpose to take fast hold of each other. If their sides be contiguous, you'll perceive an exultation of their hearts, and their spirits mutually trooping thither in an hurry, violently beating, and like Rusticks saluting one another with strokes; striving for vent, till they almost break Prison to get forth. By what Charm is the suddain and *Extemporary* blood summon'd up into the Cheeks at the sight of that dear Creature, and as the hand of a wounded heart points at the striker, no other wise than as the revengeful blood of a slain Man vents it self upon the Murtherer? With this only difference, that one of these *Crimson* Souls by I know not what instinct hastens after *Love*, and the other after a *Cure*. *Observe again*

gain how greedily their Souls keep-
 ing Sentinel in the ears, lie at catch for
 words, and by and by turn themselves
 into them; interchange Spirits while
 they hold Conference, and inform
 the very desires which they utter;
 Observe again how their Souls in a
 perpetual Emanation gliding from
 their eyes, waste themselves in Passio-
 nate glances, and suffer many a faint
 swoon with gazing. 'Tis one and the
 same thing with Lovers, to speak and
 expire, to see and dart themselves out,
 to gaze and be transform'd into
 the Spectacle. So impatient is the
 whole Man of departure, that some-
 times he shifts himself into the eye,
 sometimes into the ear; and lives on-
 ly in *that* part where he enjoys his
 Comfort. Thus Love teaches Men a
 more *Compendious* knack of living, and
 makes them content like some Insects
 with one only sense. Yet this is not
 to maim the Man, but to render
 him more Divine, by the fewness of
 Organs required to the Function of
 life.

Whence a
deliquium.

But that which occasions a sweet
 extension in the body, gives enlarge-
 ment to the Soul. Which though
 for-

It is an
 extension
 of the
 soul.

It diffuses
one into
many.

Out of
many it
makes
one.

formed for one Breast, now diffusing it self by a kind of expansion inform another, redoubling its life. She knows not in this confus'd *Miscellany* of Bodies, for which she was at first made so that in all Love there is improvement. Whoever Loves, becomes forthwith a number by himself. Like *Antipheron* he carries about with him his daily Company, and enjoys his other self as his Mate, if that may be call'd a number which is computed with the same counter, which one only Man distinguishes, placed here and there by turns. It happens by a fruitful error to Lovers as well as Drinkers, that all things appear double to them; but withall so double, as the Eyes are, which have but one motion, one vision.

Here you may see two running into so close an Embrace, that they incorporate and become one, and so lose their Embraces in the undistinguishable foldings of their arms. While after the lot of *Salmacis* 'tis the same that does desire and is desired; he knows not whether he more truly Loves or is belov'd, neither does he enjoy but is changed into his wish. First, you put a tick upon me now

Cupid

Cupid with your excess of Munificence,
 While you hide that within my Breast,
 Which I seek to embrace. You are
 Too Propitious, do something of a
 Contrary nature, that we may be two,
 That we may perceive our selves to
 Be what we wish. 'Tis prejudicial to
 A Lover to enjoy too much. 'Tis pre-
 Judicial that he whom I would have
 My Partner, should be all one with
 My self. Always thus to will and nill
 The same has no society in't, but much
 Of a *Ridiculous* tediousness. When
 We would *consult*, we do but *assent*
 By course, and instead of being mutu-
 ally officious, we are ridiculous to one
 Another. Methinks I embrace a sha-
 dow instead of a Friend, which always
 Presses me close at the heels, and imi-
 tates all my motions. Withdraw a lit-
 tle from me, O my Friend nearer to
 me than my self, *wish as well* to me as
 you can, but *prithee Love me* a little
 less.

But O what a profitable Bill of
 Exchange has this *Cupid* the *Usurer* of
 hearts! Whence the same Plastic ver-
 tue of Cementing Souls which out of
 many makes one, diffuses also one into
 many! So 'tis the same Unite which

un-

uncapable by it self of Computation, is yet the principle of number. Say g
Multiplication and Addition belong to the same art. Neither do we thin
this a damage; but an advantage, and perhaps a greater, to have our strength collected, than extended at large. The more simple every thing is the more perfect. To transcend the bounds of all space and number is the property of God. Whatever is the best and chiefest must be one.

And as Love is honour'd with the perfection of chiefest unity, so is it with another, that of self-communication. For whatever is perfect, has still one way to become more so, and that is by distribution of its self. 'Tis an addition to its own fulness, to enrich and Impregnate others. Hence 'tis, that the generous Mind-born as it were a Common Patron to Mankind, and as prone to Love as worthy of the Love of all, invents a strange kind of Liberality, to give away it self to another: Which is indeed the only proper good a Man has to bestow, and *Primitive Donative*. All other things are Foreign; and come not within the enclosure of pro-

It is the first gift.

tion property, which we can no more truly give than the Sun or Common air, and which we have scarce right to him *self*; but are guilty of Rapin when we presume to give them, as being the gifts of Heaven and Fortune.

Whoever Loves makes a nearer advance to a Deity, and therefore, is God-like, is wholly intent on this one thing, to be Beneficial. And therefore they who are well disposed in Mind, as well as those of healthy constitutions, feel an ingenuous itch of Generating, that is of venting their thoughts, are still under the Travail of the Brain, and the *Chaste* desires of propagating vertue. There is in fruitful minds, as in quick-flowing fountains, a certain active principle and restless spirit, which always pushes them forward to effusion. So far is Love from proceeding from indigence, that 'tis a word which denotes abundance, and greatly relieves the wants of Nature: Unless you will call remedies themselves diseases, because joyn'd with them. Why should we complain any more of the Illiberality of Nature, since she has granted this ingenuous way of Commerce to Mankind,

It is a name of opulency not want.

It is an ingenuous Commerce.

kind, wherein every one surrenders up himself and receives another (for in Love we don't lavishly bestow, but exchange our selves) and whatsoever in another is more excellent, transfers into his own Repository ? He inherits anothers Wealth, decks himself with supposititious Endowments and supplies his own defects out of anothers store.

Not with
a design,
though
Lot of
Communi-
cation.

But unless I am deceiv'd, there is no such thing as Traffick and Merchandize in Friendship : Neither is this Loves Motto, *Love that you may be Belov'd*. No we give freely, without any prospect of Gain, all that we are to another, with a *design* of Communication only, though with the *Lot* of an exchange. For what is more liberal than those Patterns of Love, God and our Parents ? Whose Kindnesses exceeding all Gratitude, can only be Adored, never Repaid. Yet even there, where all endeavours of Retaliation would be *Impious*, there is something of return, since the Votary, at once the workmanship and Maker of his God, does Deifie him by Adoration. And so he that owes the good of a short Life to his Parents, repays

repays them with a *Posthumous* one, being not so much the Inheritor as Preserver of their transmitted Soul. See how the Vine, now no longer the Tree of *Bacchus*, but *Cupid*, surrounds her Masculine prop with a thousand Arms, and courts it with Amorous Embraces, that she may afford the better Protection and Ornament to it for supporting her. She brings no other Encumbrances than her juicy Pearls, and refreshing shades, whereby she defends it from the incommodities of Weather, which she sustains her self. So that, to speak properly, Love does rather *bring* Assurances than *sue* for them. Whence it passes for a Badge of State, and becomes the part of Superiours to be more willing to Love, than to be Lord.

Go now, you that think Men are not Sociable out of a Principle of Benevolence, but that like the Feebler sort of Beasts, they herd together for succour: Know that Love whom heretofore you took for a Boy, is long since grown up to maturity. Know that from these Altars is proscribed whatever is infirm, or of the worse

Whatever is infirm is excommunicated from the Rites of Love.

worser Sex, or of the weaker Age as barren Oblations, and Reproaches *Profanely* Pious, Neither may Children, Women, Old men, or (what's more infirm than all these) one of an ill mind lift themselves under *Cupid's* Banner. What an odd contention of Kindness will there be, where to Conquer, and to be Conquer'd are both full of shame, and Flight more creditable than either? What kind of League or Society can there be among those, who have nothing common but this *one* thing, *to live*?

Children are excluded, because immature as for Vertues so for Friendship.

But what shall we say of that toyish and impertinent Age, which changes Companions as often as Play-games, hourly; which is pleas'd with humane shapes in Arras as fine Company, but is affrighted with real men; whose unacquaintance with the causes of Love and Hatred is the merit of its Innocence, and a Vertue deserving pity. Which because it deals its affection to all as Parents, claims a Parents Indulgency from all; not yet ripe for Friendship. Although even this pretty erring Benevolence may seem the *Rudiments* of Kindness, and the *Nonage* of Friendship.

What

What of that other too severe Age, not less troublesome to others than to it-self? That age I mean, which only dotes upon a Staff, or if on a Man, 'tis for the same end, that it may have something to lean on. Which falls out with another at every fit of the Gout, and querulously blames the poor Lover for what is its own disease. Which with a mind as tremulous as Body suspects every thing, which stands upon the Guard even at the offices of kindness themselves as at the Arts of Insinuation. To be too officious in pleasing the Man of this season, is to anoint the dead. He always envies me the freedom of my youth, or corrects it by the Pattern of his own that's past, always nibbling at my Manners, that he may opportunely boast his own and so becomes too much my Rival. One would think him dead sometimes, to hear him talk of his Chronicles, and rehearsing his old Epitaphs. I am continually plagu'd with his rugged Admonitions, no less than with his Jarrings and Snarlings, and all on this score, because I do not grow old fast enough to dye with him for company.

He

He importunately urges me to resemble him in his *wrinkled* severity, and that *Virtue*, shall I call it, or *Disease* of Old Age? To be *Wise and Morose*. Methinks I stand presented before a Magistrate, and am under a *Censure* not a *League of Society*. But what more Cruel *Mezentius* is this, who betroths Carkases to warm Embraces. And in the *Jubilee* of a Sprightly Life enjoins Dotage and Counsel? What unreasonable Controller is this, who commands me to live Backward with a Man of another Age? Whom to be Familiar with, is indecent, and whom to Reverence at a distance, is to *Canonize* him above the confines of Love and Humanity. But as the pleasure of sorting with equals, gives young Minds an early foretaste of a more mature Love; so it may seem the last effort of a decay'd heart, either out of Complaisance to accommodate their dotage to the scandal of Youth, or to Cough in consort with those of the same Age, and to enjoy at once the Remembrance and Envy of their past Amours. For they have nothing now to do (having with much regret receiv'd their *Mittimus*) but to be pre-

sent

ment at others Loves, to Minister to
others the *Philtres* of Advice, and to
high, to teach them soft Embraces,
and to languish for the desire of them.
For these Mortify'd Skeletons still mi-
serably pant with the Relicks of their
Flames as of their Lives, which do
not inspirit them with any present
vivacity, but rather shew they did
once live, and so apply the Marriage-
Torch of *Cupid* to the Pomp of a Fu-
neral.

Bst, O *Cupid*, O *Hymen*! What Women
unequal Torches do you kindle? A also as A-
Man with a Woman! This is not to nimals of
unite, but to destroy. These are a different
couple more unhappily match'd than kind from
the Soul with the Body; whose Fel-
lowship, while it gratifies her, de-
grades and dishonours her, and in a
pretence to serve, cheats and preju-
dices her. There's so much dispro-
portion, that a Woman can't fill the
other Scale of the Ballance without
additionary Gold. There's need of a
Dowry and stipend to these Embraces,
these Caresses. This is a Felicity to
be bought, we don't admit you to it
gratis. Neither is a Woman to be
esteem'd a Consort to a Man, but be-
longs.

longs to the *Inventory* of his *Good* and *Chattels*? the furniture of his *Bed-Chamber*, and *Ornament* of his *Table*. She serves instead of a little *Shock* to divert ones self withal, not to employ any part of ones life about. She should be regarded only at those dull hours, which nature has allotted for grief and sleep. My *Mistress* is welcome at *Supper-time* or at *Night*, that time I'll throw away on her which would be lost otherwise. She can scarce fill up these *Intervals* of life, these *parenthesis's* of respite, and little *blanks* of action. She is added to the tasks of rigorous nature, and helps on the loss of our time, more than eating and sleeping. Shall I call this a *Wife*? By the leave of the *Female Academy* I'll tell you plainly what I think. I believe these *Expletive* Particles of mankind were put into the world for no other end than flies, only to prevent a vacancy. I ever took this frivolous *Impertinent* to be a certain middle *Animal*, which like a *Centaur* compounds a *Man* with a *Beast*, and detains him as it were within the *Confines* of both *Natures* and a *Metamorphosis*.

phosis. Will you call this Society, whereby a man gains this *one* thing, not to be *alone*? 'Tis more than enough for them if they can but own the force of reason and submit to it, though they never use any, and like Creatures naturally Wild and Savage, can be made tame and civiliz'd by familiarity. There's nothing in them deserves so much Caution, as lest they should grow wise, or know any thing beyond bare silence, and the simplicity of pleasing.

Friendship is too Sacred a thing to admit of any Embraces, though innocent, which it ought to blush at if observ'd. 'Tis a flame too Noble to be attended with any levity, nay, tis a Marriage too strait to admit any difference of Sex. This is the highest work of reason to make choice of such a person, whose conduct you would rather use than your own, to whose will you would always conform; or even to know how to wait so long, till you can choose a fit object for your Love, and after that so to Love as one that's hurri'd with bare Passion, not steer'd with indgment, as one that's so far from Apostasie that

Friendship is a work of reason as well as affection.

Which only agrees with it self and makes two live by one rule.

It is a
work of
vertue.

Whose
Communion is
without
deteri-
ment.

he is always beginning his Love. This is to joyn impatience with constancy. This is to receive the belov'd Idea-imprinted in the mind with more exactness, and to retain it with more faithfulness, than Wax. Besides, 'tis also the work of vertue to state one Measure of desires, to preserve an exact uniformity of manners through all the various scenes of Fortune, and lastly so to Harmonize two, that (what *one* can hardly perform) they may act *one* Man. These must of necessity always Will the same, because they Will only the best things. There must needs be also between them the greatest freedom of Communion, because they communicate what without envy they possess, their Vertues; and so with greediness they *Covet* an effusion of these goods of their minds, till the Candor of their Souls like the light of Heaven improve it self by an incessant Emanation. Add to this, that the League of this rational friendship will be firmer than the Stoical Chain of Destiny, since the perpetual alliance of Souls is not here founded upon having the same Parents, but the same principle of living, Reason, and (what has

has a more Vital influence) the being endued with the desire of the same excellency rather than with the same blood. The having the breast rather pant with the same desires, than the Arteries beat with the same spirits. The having a share in the same good and bad fortune, a more indearing instance than a common off-spring. You come short of the mystery, if you think the same soul, or the same divided resides in two bodies, 'tis more, they have the same Soul in two bodies *one* and *uniform*. You'd think even the *envy* of thought could not abstract them, since there is nothing left to distinguish them. For whatever distinguishes would at length divide them, nay 'twou'd make them conceive a greater disgust against each other, like Half-brothers, from the very nearness.

In vain are friendships and alliances, as all other Vertues, pretended to by Vicious men : Who are provok'd to mutual hatred and animosity by having the same pleasures, as much as by having the same Mistresses. To have the same thing commodious to both (though this be somewhat more Divine than to have the same common

An ill Man is not a sociable Creature.

C 2

Parents)

He disagrees with himself, avoids himself.

He is inclined to Society, not out of benevolence but self-disdain.

They who cannot endure those of like or unlike manners, like ulcers avoid the touch even of the Surgeon.

Parents) breeds envy from their unlucky fellowship, and quarrels greater than those mutual Pillagers, Birds of prey or Coheirs. No third person will envy, but wonder at their conjunction, nay and will hardly grant them joyn'd any otherwise than fellow failers in the same bottom, recommended to each other by fears and dangers; whom, as soon as Landed, the success of the voyage will disengage, whose society will suffer Shipwreck from the Land-tempest of Incest and Traffick, and be dissipated into various Climes by the greater Love of Countries than of Men. With what constancy can you think they will adhere to others, who were not mov'd to this Sociable humour from a principle of Benevolence, but a great weariness themselves? They can hardly endure the Penance of their own Company, and therefore strive to lose themselves among Crouds, not using the nicety of Choice, but catching at the first opportunity of refuge. For who can please them who don't like themselves, who abhor the instances of unspotted Morality as they like their own actions, and upbraid

ers of them, and therefore dread them as Malefactors do the Magistrate? And as for actions resembling their own (so great is their fear to be try'd even by imitation) they put from them as Rivals to prevent their own extrusion, and fly them as deformity do's a Mirror. This is the first punishment of immorality, by its own sentence even amongst men to be adjudg'd to the worst kind of solitude; treacherous Society. 'Tis the fate of an ill man to do all this in vain; To cheapen the good will of others with a *Tale* of services, to let his mercenary soul for a little Hire and fair words, diligently to attend his friends, yet so as he cleanses shoes, and rubs down his Horse as things serviceable and belonging to his Estate; in fine, to do all this only for his own ends, and (which is the usual Fate of great Benefactions) to lose all through ingratitude, and among these amorous addreses to Fortune, to burn with an hatred and loathing of himself. Would any one now joyn himself to him *another* self, whom he sees thus disagreeing with himself? Would any one be ambitious of his *Cruel* benevolence, by whom he would

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

not be lov'd with the same mind
wherewith he stands affected to him-
self? Whose serene looks like those
of *Mars* and Fortune, he must be jea-
lous of, and enjoy his delights as ti-
merously as Treacheries, or such which
the next blast of Sunshine will scatter
or dissolve. Methinks I see the ill
match'd pair exactly resembling a
spread Eagle, with striving Embraces,
like faces, both averse from each other
as in a Divorce, contrary tendencies,
always avoiding and always pulling
one another back. Dissolve ye Gods
this unhappy, this forced connexion,
and ye Painters the bolder Artificers,
Half of the Monster will flee away and
desert it self, and then 'twill appear
they stumbl'd upon one another by
Error, not met out of Choice. O de-
form'd Prodigy of *Venus*! Nature ab-
hors these Incestuous Conjunctions
more then the Monstrous productions
of Creatures of a several kind. No-
thing is more unhappy than this sort of
Lovers, who like the Emperors of
Old time, or like birds, betroth them-
selve here and there at random, but
on a set time, and with due Cere-
mony, and yet presently after the
season

season is over disingage again, When the heat is abated there ensues a new ardour of Divorce. Their affection endures no longer then the short-lived gust of the Banquet, when they are satiated they must rise. For they don't know all the while what 'tis which they Passionately long'd for. Their casual affection springs from the madness of their desires, like *Venus* from that of the Waves. 'Tis cherish'd and kept alive by mistakes, and no sooner throughly known than disapprov'd. To speak freely, whoever Love through Brute tendency or diseases, do rather burn and rave together in a *Fever*, then consent in the Harmony of affection.

It is enacted by the severe Statute- The Law of Nature as well as the E- of *Lycurgus* and but Discipline of the world, that Nature agree, in no man shall be without his Lover. making it a Crime necessity impos'd upon us of Loving to Love no and Living, and that the same radical body. heat proves *Amorous*, as well as *Vital* ! The *Epicureans* who could be contented without the protection of the Gods could not yet endure to be

without Love whom they might adore, and in whose Religion they might more sweetly entertain themselves. So much more willing are

You may
sooner
find an A-
theist than
an Aphilist

we to make our own Deities, than to receive them made to our hands And because 'tis Natural to us to be actuated by the instinct of Love and Religion, we use the same zeal of superstition in both, and rather than want an Idol to adore, we adopt the most unworthy and ridiculous things, Cats and Dogs, and whatsoever was Idoliz'd in *Egypt*, into the list of our friends and House-hold-Gods. Nay so great is the impatience of Love, that the poor homely *Gellia* for want of better servants makes a Gallant of her Looking glass, and, what *Egypt* would be asham'd of, adores a Creature more Monstrous than any of *Nile*, *Herself*. But 'tis a venial sin, we are all guilty of the same Madness, and would rather Doat foolishly, than Love nothing. Whether you will or nill, you must necessarily will something, since in your very nilling something is desired. The rest indeed of our Passions are disposed of at our Pleasure, or else easily dwindle away consumed by

There is
no man
who is not

by their own violence. Grief if it refuse to yield to reason, yields at length to time, to hatred. Hatred through the disturbance of Choler or fear becomes troublesome, first to it self.

And fear, not to mention any other remedy, may be crush'd by the evils themselves, and overcome by its own greatness harden, and be cured by Stupidity. Anger the most impetuous of all either by weariness is tamed into Clemency, or being satiated dies, leaving like the Bee its life in the wound.

This one Passion which grows Luxuriant in crosses, and Blossoms more deliciously under pressures, not given to us as the rest were, to be subdu'd; grows up into a necessity and *Voluntary Fate*. It freely parted with its liberty, which it quite spent in the election of that, which with an immortal desire it might at once possess and prosecute: Which it might never to have the power to hate.

And now what *Modesty* or *measure* is there in desire? Whose Efforts if at any time misplaced, yet at least with a generous error they aspire to all as the most excellent objects. Of which he is unworthy who is not arrived

free some times from the other Passions.

None was ever free from Love.

Love knows no measure because it aspires to the best.

to this *Hyperbole* of madness, still more and more to desire, and yet to think he desires not enough; still more and more to enjoy, and yet not to be content with enjoyment' and to caress himself in his ever *unsatisfying* happiness.

As 'tis impossible to Love no body, so it is to Love one who is not best. So 'tis: The Author of Nature hath by a firm Law, made it equally impossible either to Love none, or not the best. The former of which is with an inhumane pride to vilifie mankind, and the latter by the worst of Parricides, to destroy a mans self. For when he had the option of life given him, the disposal of his *Nativity* put into his own hands, and could have *re-made* himself in another, yet he chose to Perish. The Monarchy of the breast, like that of *Alexander*, must be assign'd to the Best deserving, whom to find should be the business of ones life. It must be a man made up of the highest endowments incident to Mortality, as compleat as a *Woman* which is could wish. *A Catholick* man accom-
no where, in nature, we supply by opinion, and so patch up a felicity out of variety.

plish'd with all the *Hyperbole* of virtues which may be any where found or imagin'd, and of which a Man may have a notion, never the possession. In a word such a Man, whom when with *impious* desires we have form'd, 'tis an Idea, or a God. And now alas ! we find his dignity something above our Love, and fit only to be adored ; worthy indeed of our Love but much more of our adoration. These are the flames due to the Altar. Nature has implanted this desire in us to her own disparagement, being not able to fill it. But yet lest what she intended as her greatest favour should prove a Torment (such as always provokes and never satisfies) she has so order'd it, that what is wanting in the things themselves should be supplied by our opinion, that our mistake at least might make up our happiness. We are gull'd with a counterfeit dress of Beauty, and are first deceiv'd before we are conscious of any happiness. Like *Pigmalion* we fall in Love with a Statue of our own making, and then think its Beauty not artificial but native. The mist of our ignorance

norance recommends a Cloud to our
 greedy Embraces instead of *Juno*, nay
 we Love to be cheated, and think it
 a part of humanity to be liable to
 slips, errors and misprisions. We
 are not damaged but gratifi'd in our
 desires by this *profitable* imposture,
 since the cheat pleases us more than
 the juggling shifts of Legerdemain,
 and enriches us with no false appear-
 ance of gain. Our credulity makes
 us truly happy, and (what is the com-
 mon lot of Men of great Estates)
 we become more rich by the fame
 and suspicion of Wealth, than the
 largeness of our Fortune. Go then
 enjoy secturely those Treasures which
 you owe to the kindness of fancy, not
 to the bounty providence; Those
 most fortunate Collations, not of a
 smiling fortune, but of an oblinging
 opinion; those goodly Possessions,
 which neither when the Gods frown,
 nor when fortune is dispos'd to be
 wantonly mischievous, are liable to
 danger, Which no violence, no nor
 another opinion will snatch away, un-
 less to give a new supply. For al-
 though opinion, as the Sister of for-
 tune or Nature, be pleas'd with vari-
 ety,

ety, yet the Love of variety will not Hence the
 recommend Monsters to her. She is levity of
 not wanton to that pitch of levity, but Loving is
 only redresses the defects of things: a remedy
 The vicissitudes and changes of the feets of
 Affections, like those of things, are set things.
 out not so much for Beauty, as So-
 lace and remedy. We reprehend the
 wandring and Alternate heat of Love
 to the discredit of Nature, not of
 those Men who daily cast off their
 Thred-bare Companions like old sutes,
 who take a desultorious tast of Men as
 Bees do of Flowers, and because good
 is always to them in flux and uncer-
 tainty. as Truth is to Philosophers,
 resolve to Love *Sceptically*: Neither
 is it an Argument of inconstancy, but
 judgment, thus to wander with choice,
 and to collect that from all in various
Gleanings, which is in no one place 'Tis a sign
 to be had enough. No one thing is of judg-
 worthy long enjoyment; and these ment and
 shadows of Vertues rather than real choice.
 ones, which we so much boast of, like
 such Pictures endure only a cursory
 view at a distance, cannot bear the
 delay of nice observation, and vanish
 while leisurely beheld. All that's
 in that Pompous Title of Constancy
 is

is not of such moment, that I should not do Homage to a greater merit, that I should not prefer a brighter Star, because once born under an obscurer Planet, that I should obstinately adhere to defects and losses, lest I should be said to have departed from my first condition; or lastly that I should endure my chance, or what is altogether as erroneous, my own will, as calmly and immoveably as I would my destiny. Give me leave I pray, more passionately to admire those Rays of a diviner Mind which I first adored in you, now more Brightly Shining in another. Suffer the progresses of Love which you first taught me. The same you who at first taught me to prefer the candor of your Mind before the whiteness of *Lillies* or Faces, and a rude simplicity before the enough easie, but foolish and too fond humanity, have now also taught me after the sight of a more Dazling Splendor to condemn your self, unless I may not hence be so properly said to condemn, as adore you with more devotion under a more glorious representation. Just so the lesser Lamps of Heaven are not extinct but over shadow'd, when

out

out of Modesty they withdraw at the appearance of a greater Glory. Why do you call out upon the Truth of Gods and Men? I Love you only on this condition, so long as you either are, or to me *seem* the best.

Do but look down upon the brute Love-sports of Nature (though 'tis a shame to own the Documents of Life and Vertue to such low instances) and see how all the parts even the worst in the Divine Workmanship have an innate tendency to what is best, and are carried with admiration and desire to a greater excellency. 'Tis purposely so order'd by Nature, who is conscious of her own injurious and shameful sloth, who oftner suffers abortion than brings forth, and in Comparison to the exemplars and Ideas of things is deliver'd of as many Monsters as Creatures. She has therefore indued them with a plastick vertue, that they may advance nearer to their Ideas, and so become their own Correctors. Her work comes at first out of her hands in half and imperfect pieces, till she joyns one part to another and so compleats both. This one ambition of aspiring to some,

All appetite, even the most insensate, tends to a better nature as to its Idea.

The
double
end of na-
tural
Love.

something better, moves every thing
to leap the *Pale* of its own condition
For this reason the *Heliotrope* though
rooted fast in the ground, follows the
Course of the Sun, and with an op-
posite mouth drinks in the Sun-beams
till she herself become a *Vegetable Star*
With the same Ardour of Ambition
while Stones receive the *Æthereal*
Rays, they become a glittering concre-
tion of *Massy* light, and what before
were only the rigid Excrescencies of
a cragged bulk; now look like gems
and dart forth glimmerings as well
in a Rock, as in a Lovers Ring. With
this sweet art while the Sea partakes
as clearly of the motion as the image
of the Moon, it enjoys the intelligence
of the Celestial Orb as its own.
With this lovely envy while the Steel
is drawn with Admiration of the
Load-stone, and by and by with
mutual Breathings and Nuptial Em-
braces exhales its pretious Soul, as if
'twere now it self becomes a Load-
stone, exercises Charms of its own, and
draws other things as much as it
drawn it self. There is indeed in na-
ture, as well as in common life an
Ambitious indigency, and cringing to
Supe-

Superiours. Neither is there any thing more regarded in another than the eminency of its order. Had we no such thing as a Philosopher, yet we have *Philomathematical* Waves, which shew the Wain of the Moon with more certainty than Almanacks and Ephemerides. We have *Astronomical* Flowers, which teach us the motion of the Sun, and instead of striking Watches, give an Articular notice of the declining day. Had this Theater of the World no Philosophical Spectator, to consider its Rarities with Scrutiny and Inspection, yet all Nature her self is inamour'd to admiration with her own Beauty, and as both the eyes of the World, so both Worlds speculate each other by course, and feed themselves with mutual Interviews. And this lower seems to aspire to the dignity of the higher with the same Ambition as is used by the Commonalty of *Spain*, when they Emulate the Grandeur of the Nobility; and with the same art which the Commons of *Rome* used, when the *Plebeians* were admitted to match among the *Patricians*. The Author of Nature has made the welfare of things

Besides these things too much his concern by committing the World to the Tuition of Love, so that now an idle and inactive Deity, will either not be own'd or contemn'd.

Man, Divinity and Eternity.

But whereas other things are such a composure that they can only receive and want, Man alone knows how to Love. Nature has shadow forth in them a rude semblance of Affection, only that she might make a prelusory specimen of that in visible Materials, which she intended to complete in Man with Elaborate Accuracy. Although I must also acknowledge that the Affections of Men improve according to the same degrees and proportions as they themselves do, and as if they had several births, are first endow'd with life, then with Sense, and at last with Reason; and that Love which is at first call'd sympathy, by and by is *Fledged* with desire, and at last improves into Humanity, and Reason, which was before only Brute tendency, or the Predominant Bias of an Element. For while, as yet, tender warmth only broods on the Breast, much less has Hate

the glowing sparks, the desire scarce
 gives credit to it self. When the
 Mind is newly smitten, and is hardly
 yet Conscious either of the wound
 or the Author of it; she feels just such
 Innocent Prickings as Children do from
 the Rupture of their Gums, when they
 breed Teeth. Then you may see a
 pretty Specimen of Infant simplicity,
 those who have been born scarce long
 enough to view one another a little,
 beginning to sigh together as one
 Myrtle-tree whispers to another. For in
 these early expresses of Passion these
 Infant Lovers don't understand the
 Air which they ventilate in the groves
 of *Venus*, while they wind Embraces
 insensibly, and like those who lazily
 stretch themselves, naturally seek out
 for something to rest their extended
 Arms on. You may now if you will
 call these the insinuating Arms of an
 Ivy, or the winding Branches of a
 Vine. But as soon as they improve
 their Love so far as to Imprint and
 devour smacking Embraces, you don't
 see Men but Ring-Doves. When
 they breath out their querulous A-
 mours in wanton chidings, you hear
 Turtles, as being now a littles more

The vari-
 ous de-
 grees and
 ages of all
 Loves.

by

The kinds
of Bastard
Love and
errors of
Lovers.

by Nature disposed to Benevolence so that they affect others with sweet and Innocent fondness, and imitate the kindness of the *Dolphin*, or *Lizard*. But Men of an *adult* Flame are seiz'd with a more generous impulse though blind. By this blind impulse we are carried upwards like Doves of *Venus* with seal'd eyes, and with a most vigorous endeavour ignorantly aspire to Heaven as to a Nest. Thus the very defects of Lovers shew a disposition greedy of Divinity, and the errors of this our Passion aspire to something Immortal. So that even that more impure itch, which derides the *Barren* Marriages of Vertues and *Copulations* of Souls, which seeks something to fill its Embraces, and adores the Planet *Venus* though threatning its Birth-day with Storms and Shipwracks of Life seems yet to be inflamed not so much with the Torches of Hymen, as with the desire of Eternity. While with such Ardency it longs to out-live itself, and by a long series of Posterity to patch up as well as it can a *successive* Immortality. Even his whose Friendship is Purchas'd with

sapper

upper, whom like a Brute Creature
 bit does befriend to you; who is in
 love with your Kitchin not your self.
 though he Loves to the proportion of
 his Stomach: And he who values a
 Man after the same rate as he does
 Farm, attending on him with the
 same sordid expectation as he does on
 his Field, who uses his Friendship as a
 thing of Profit with a mercenary Mind,
 and still reckons *himself* among his
 friendships: Why this latter, well
 skill'd in the value of Love, uses it as
 money, but as a Divine Coin, wherewith
 the Men Negotiate with the Gods, and
 enrich our selves with a Deity. And
 the former enjoys his Love to Luxury
 and Banquet, for he thinks it the
 reflectar of his Supreme Deity, as well
 as of *Venus*. Both of them truly with
 self Covetousness consult their own
 profit, either he that seeks a Patri-
 mony by his Affection, or he that
 sits upon it, than he who hastily dis-
 charges his sinking Ship of her Peri-
 ling Fraught, and by a free Disburse-
 ment of his goods transfers them out
 of the reach of Chance or Fate before
 they Perish. Who although he ex-
 pects no returns, nor sells his Gifts,

Even they
 who Ne-
 gotiate in
 the Mer-
 chandise
 of affecti-
 on aspire
 to some-
 thing Di-
 vine.

They are
 more libe-
 ral who
 do good of
 their own
 accord.

yet

yet has already receiv'd a most ample recompence, the very Collation of a kindness, and although he has given never so much, yet has laid up a greater Treasure for himself, the Vertue of Benificence. So that to give great largesses, and such as Modesty oftentimes forbids to receive, does the most advantage to the Author; either by rendering him awful, that nothing Mean will be expected from him, or by representing the Benefit more necessary and natural than either Rain or Sun-shine. So that from him, as from the Sun, Benefits will be exacted as Debts, and he will seem to do only according to Custom and Duty, as often as he acts Generously, so that all gratitude will be taken away through the frequency and ampleness of his Collations.

What shall I think of him who seeks to please, not to Love me? Whom I repair to as a Summer-bower, that may afford me shade and security, but which is of no use to me in the rage of Winter? Whom as many of us as have any severity mixt with our Loves, will wont to Alarm with this grave Apophthegm, *A friend as a Wife, is a sure*

of Dignity not of Pleasure. You have Friend
 found out a new way of being Libi- and Wife
 cinous without Embraces, you have are names
 efflowred your Love with this kind of honour.
 of Lasciviousness, worse than that of
 the Stews. Industrious to please is
 the trick of wheedlers, and the lu-
 cious Venom of a Pander. To
 treat too daintily, is a kind of Ang-
 ling: To fawn with emulous offici-
 busness is like a Wooer, and belongs
 rather to the Rudiments of Love than
 the life of Lovers. Far be't that you
 should take that *Creature* for a friend,
 who is a Torment to you while you
 desire him, and a Tedioufness when
 you possess him. And yet you are
 not much out, if you think that all
 Lovers wander in the fields of *Elysium*,
 and that Flowers spring up where
 ever they tread. No other are the
 joys of Heaven than to Love and to
 be Lov'd, no other are the joys of
 Earth. That Divine *Ardor* which
 makes the *Empyrean* Heaven to be what
 it is, and wherein will consist the hap-
 piness of the future Life, must be the
 only Solace of this. In all other things
 we are Passive, these we only enjoy
 and delight in which are the Issues of
 our

There is
no Plea-
sure any-
where but
from Love

our desire and choice, and which in those other uneasinesses divert our pain. Thus have we seen in a Tempest the two Brothers rejoyce in a greedy course, bringing as much Joy to themselves as to the Mariners, Congratulating their united Beams, whereby they lose each other in a mutual embrace, and thence become two again. Thus have we known the Votaries of *Venus* surrounded with a Cloud, brought like Brides under a Veil of Silk with more secret Triumph to their Joys. We confess there is something in Love more Powerful than Calamities, more Magnificent than Honour, more Splendid than Riches, more Charming than Pleasures, for whose sake we condemn all these, yea for whose sake we do not condemn them, but have them in the greater Veneration. It does so solely please, that by it all things else though never so vile please exceedingly. It has such a Priviledge of Majesty that nothing can disparage it, that it clears from Infamy, and sooner reflects a Lustre on the greatest Reproaches of Life, than it can be sullied from any thing else. Hence 'twas that this was added a thirteenth

to the Labours of *Hercules*, and serve as an Ingredient to make up his Praises, that he not only Brags of his Club, but held a Distaff, with which (though he had Tamed all other wild Beasts) yet one Monster still remain'd to be Subdued, whom only the Instruments of her own Arts can Conquer, a *Woman*. Why do you Wonder so much at the Inviolable Rays of the Sun, since *Cupid's* Torch can also Enlighten even the most Sordid things, and yet remain Untainted?

Why then does the Hunger-bitten Mind so Eagerly, and to no Purpose, Hunt after something Divine in other Things, since it has it at Home? For indeed, whatsoever we Love, is to us a Deity. *Whatsoever you desire that's Jupiter*. Is it so? What does that forlorn Lover, who admits no Comfort without a Dowry, Kill, Buy and Count *Jupiter* imprinted on his Money? Yes, but 'tis *Jupiter* shining under a Covert of Gold. What, and does the Libidinous Voluptuary itch after *Jupiter*? Yes, but 'tis *Jupiter* turn'd Scallion under the Form of a Satyr, and Converted into the *Semeleian* Flames.

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at 370.1
to ymo
and O

and he does that delicate Trencher-
 Sup upon *Jupiter*, but in the
 Shape of a Swan, and lurking under
 the soft Down of Luxury. He Luffs
 and after *Jupiter*, but 'tis that of *Gany-
 medes* steep'd in *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
 Now I sound the Depth of the Busi-
 ness, neither am I quite Deceiv'd by
 those Rhetoricians of the Gods, the
 Poets. Now, I perceive that they
 were not the Loves of *Jupiter*, but our
 own, which Cloathed the Deity in such
 unworthy Forms.

But because slippery and wandering
 Love never rests till 'tis arriv'd to the
 Temple of Perfection, or by a plea-
 sing Delusion, thinks so at least, being
 always a Companion of the best and
 greatest, or what appears so, to this
 it must always adhere, in this always
 as the Heaven of its Soul,
 the Center of its Life. The Lover
 will not, I presume, be at Leisure to
 entertain the Charms (if there can
 be any) of a new Felicity, neither
 will he find in his Heart to Love an-
 other, no nor himself. For he will
 ever complain of the Disproportion
 between his Power, and his Desire,
 and that he is Wanting to him who

Love is
 only of
 One.

The Picture of Love Unborn

he Surfeits, and Wearies with Excess
of Fondness. And, after he has thus
made over all his Affection to One,
and still thinks he has not done suf-
ficient, he must needs have as little
Courtship left for all others, as a *Widow*
or *Scold*. Begon thou Monster of *Sy-*
racuse, who hast invented a new *Ty-*
ranny to thy other *Cruelties*, a *Pair*
Royal in Friendship: Who wouldst
not Kill a Pair of Friends, but divide
them, and corrupt their Fidelity by
Interception of it, from a *Tyrant* con-
verted into a *Rival*. But, tell me,
Tyrant, Suppose you were allied to a
Third Lover into the League of this
Pair, tell me, Which would you Pre-
fer in Kindness? You must needs in-
cense the Other, now on the same
Score jealous of your self. But if you
will distribute your *Kindness*, suppose
one of them brought to the execution,
Will you Die for this, or Live
for the Sake of t'other? You stand like
a dubious Needle between two Load-
stones, by the Neighbourhood of two
Resolutions, drawn down both. The
Distraction of your *Wise* person
is to Live and Die. Thus the
Fond Lover, about to Adore

to neither, and to both, is undone by this equality of Affection. One is a Year from you, the other an Infusion of Laughter. The partiality of your Officiousness to one, makes you Injurious to the other. So that your mind Distracted several ways, like *Meteors* between the contrary Draughts of Horses, seems Deservedly to suffer the Punishment of his Perfidiousness. Thus it happens, as often as you undertake to be a *Pluralist* in Affection, and at once to Love whom you can hardly See at the same time, unless you were Squint-eyed or double-faced. Do but consider the Dominion and Complaisance which is in Love; Here the new *Egyptians* and *Phoenicians* must duly Command and serve by Turns, both of these are of a singular Nature, and will not admit of two Masters. If you make Love to be a God, he Loves to Reside in one Heaven, if Fire, that also is Confined to one Sphere; if Death, the Gods forbid a frequent Expiration, or that we should commit our Souls to the Bosome of another more than once, since they grant us but once to *Live*. Or if you call a Lover the Mirror, Coin, or Seal

The Pillars of Love

69

of his dear Object (all which receive both Form and Value from the Impression.) Know then that this Looking-Glass can be inform'd but with one inch Image at a time; that this Gold can be labled with the Face but of one King; that this Seal, like that of a Letter, is Clos'd fast to all but one; and that all these are not Capable of a new Impression, without the Defacing of the former. But if you consider that Friendship is nothing less than the *Marriage* of Souls, you should think it an Heinous Crime in these Masculin Hymens, to admit Polygamy; by Superinducing any one, to unmarry the Old, and to Church another Friend. Does it then that Passion, which distinguishes Humane Societies from the Herds of the Field, by too much Devotion, is making Men about as much to the Love of Beauty, and to Sensual Pleasure; the Contempt of all? And must he who Loves one Intirely, hate all Mankind besides? The Gods forbid! Nothing certainly is more Courteous than Love and Philosophy, nothing more generous, nothing (except the Gods) affords a greater Passion.

Polygamy in the Marriage of Souls is as bad as Incest.

Yet it is so of one as not to be inhumane to-ward all others.

But so as a
new Bride
less Diffi-
cult and
Coy.

the World. The very Familiarity of
Friendship makes their Minds easy and
soft, and disposes them to Benevo-
lence; just as a Marriage does young
Holders, who now put off their Coy-
ness, and use more Freedom of Con-
versation towards all others. They
communicate their Rays like the Sun
to the whole World, tho' they Gild
themselves with a peculiar and distinguishing
lustre. You must know, that one Man
is Dedicated to another, just like a
Book, sent to one, but to be read by
All; yet after the Perusal of that One.
We owe much Gratitude to those can-
did and generous Souls, so much Re-
sembling the Genius of Heaven, in
that they Favour not One only Man,
but All Mankind, with a benign Influ-
ence. Who, as if they were the First
Parents, look upon all Nations as their
own Families; Esteem all as Dear to
themselves as their own; and wish they
were Born every where, so as to have an
Amplitude of Mind equal, and com-
mensurate to the whole Globe, stand
Affected to every Country as their
Native one, and so Deservedly find
it. But this we don't call Friendship,
but certain Benevolence, and

dring

The Picture of Love

85

dring Courtesie. Neither do we find Fault with this, or accept it with less Candor than they use, even toward their Enemies. But we would only curb the too wanton and comely Affections of those who place themselves in the Number of Satisfaction, and Retinue of Friends, no less than in a Guard of Lacquies, ambitious as much of the Ridges of Vertue, as of State, and loving to swell in the Throng of Clients. But this is the manner of proud Ladies, who are not over-stock'd with Chastity, with a pretence of Obligingness to insure others Affections, openly to dispence their kind Embraces, but still as to One only, studiously to compose a Face, to Level particular Nods at him, to Scatter up and down flattering Glances, to Divide here and there flattering Smiles: as it were, to Reserve the best for One. And altho' as the Sun is wont to draw the inchanting Lure of the Vile sort of Pride! To number the Flocks of their Lovers, among the other of their Feminine Interests, and the Elements of Beauty.

Polyphily is not Friendship, but Benevolence, and wand'ring Courtesie.

Polyphily without Benevolence is not so much as Courtesie, but favors of Pride and Lasciviousness.

28
The Love Unveil'd.

Polypus
is not
Faint
and
Benevo-
lence, and
wandering
Compassion.

Polypus
is not
Benevo-
lence, and
not so
much as
Compassion,
but favors
of Pride
and Envy
and Ambition.

But since whosoever is Hot in the
highest degree of true genuine Fire, has
no will to Loveless, nor the power
to Love more: Neither is it enough
that he regards others, unless he
also Contemns himself, and darts him-
self, as well as others, a share in his own
Flames, Freezing within his own
Sphere, and remaining a cold Sa-
lomon in the midst of the Incin-
ding Flames. Since he is wholly
removed from his own Breast, for-
gets himself, is wholly concern'd for
his Friend, and fears nothing on his
own Behalf, unless he should not act
the part of a Friend as he ought.
Since he is Wise for another, and Blind
as to his own Interest; committing
himself to the Fates, or, to what is a
greater Safeguard, the care of his
Friends. (For he on the other hand is
wholly concern'd with Fears and
Solicitudes for himself. He inspires
his Friends with his Form, so that
they are as he in the Heavens in being
govern'd by an Intelligence.) Since,
thus Renouncing himself
whoever inserts himself into another,
and Commits himself as one
to Oblivion; and since (as I
should

The Picture of Love Drawn.

69

should be) the only dear thing to him is his Friend, in whom he enjoys a more Vital Life after Death, and about whom he sportfully Hovers like a pale Ghost about his Body; The School-man of Amours has Seated an unjust Measure, rather of Hatred than Affection, the Love of ones Self: And has done ill in proposing us to our Selves as patterns of Heroical Love. For of what small account is every one with himself? Where is that Man who, not Captivated to anothers Desires, nor Season'd with Manners not his own, does Live less to another than to himself? Neither is it to be Imputed to our Vices, but to our Vertues, that we become Vassals to anothers Pleasure. Some Vertues are Severe upon their Owners, and are never Disserviceable but to our Selves, which yet to others bring in a great Income. That Modesty which promotes its own Disengagement, and humbly Dislikes all Example, but that of a Blushing Fair, Ambitious of Contempt, yet Transfers the Encumbrances due to it self upon another with a Steel'd Boldness. That Ambition which Poises on anothers neck, is girded with the Title of

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

sity and Candor. That Armour which is worn on the Breast, does but only Forge a Man into a Shield, Errant for the Defence of others, though with the Expence of his own Safety: No man Dyes for the mere Prevention of his own Death, but that he may Intercept the fatal Arrow from his Parents, Children, or some others. What, did I say, No man Dyes? No man Lives on his own Account. But if bare Nature, and solitary Vertue, without Friendship, can produce such a Combination, or rather Self-dedication, that every one should count himself the least part of himself, let it be a Shame that Friendship (which adds to Vertues new Strength, Accomplishment and Humanity) should prescribe any other Measure to Benevolence, than this, *To know none at all; or Circumscribe any other limits than those which are mark'd out by the Desires of Lovers.* Let him not Love at all (and I am sure I cannot imprecate a heavier Curse) who Tempers his Affection, and is not tricker ~~led~~ ^{led} by it, who warily Loves to still his fit Desires as ready to Hate, or who deals in his Affe-

The mea-
sure of Be-
nevolence
should be
to know
none.

Affection in proportions, giving and receiving Favours with a pair of Scales. He may perhaps *return* Love, but not Love *directly*, who answers his Lover just as he Pledges his Compani-
on, precisely *so much*.

And now I stand amused with a long Veneration, like a sweetly Confused *Inamorata*, who has wasted all his Eye-
sight upon a Divine Form, and is un-
certain, even after the greatest *Crisi-*
scism of Interview, which part of the
sovereign Beauty first deserves his Ad-
miration, and is arriv'd only thus
far, to Admire his own Astonishment,
and to pay equal Adoration to all the
Excellencies, as if every one were su-
preme, and variously to Assent to the
Praises of Parties differently Affected.

I hear *Dionysius* defining Love to be a
Circle, returning from Good, thro' Good to
Good. And I confess 'tis comprehend-
ed in this ingenious Emblem. Hence
I look upon a Ring, not only as a
Pledge, but an *Hieroglyphick* of Love.
Cupid represents to me this Circle,
while he is bending his Bow, toge-
ther with the Semicircle of his own
Body. This Circle is Decypher'd to
me by the continual Heat of Love,
which

The Defi-
nitions of
Love. Di-
onysius.

The Picture of Love Universal.

which with the Blood is carried round
(according to the modern Tenet of
Physicians) in a Circular Motion.
It is like the Elementary Fire, where
the immortal Flame feeds it self, and
is its own Fuel; whoever Loves that
which he hath Lov'd, retreats by a
Spherical Motion in his own Track;
and he that Loves only that he may
Love, the same returns upon himself,
closes up himself.

The whole
Mystery
of Love
consists in
being re-
duced to
that from
whence
we were.
Aristophanes

Aristophanes tells me, (and I easily
believe him) That the whole Mystery
of Love consists in being reduced to that
from whence we were. For, I see all
things by a Natural Motion, retire
into their Principles. And perhaps
those Magnetick Charms, which they
fancy to be lodg'd in the whole Earth,
are found by Philosophers, Mariners
and Ships, to be only in the Native
Country. The Law of Nature obliges
us to bestow our Lives upon those
from whom we receiv'd them, and by
a certain Series of Piety, and Scale of
Alliance, to Adore those three Names
dearer than our Lives, our Country,
Parents and God. I know not whether
I may call Man (like Oedipus) a blind
and incessant Lover, or rather a

videtur

vident and Pious, who is always im-
mor'd with something of his Original,
and is as cordially Affected toward it
as to his Parent. Neither is he much
Mistaken, who takes that for his Pa-
rent, whence he dates the Rudiments
of a new Life, and by a kind of revival,
renews his Nativty at the Expence of
an extraordinary Love. Thus to re-
sign up our Souls, is to retrieve and
remake them. But you, O *Thales*, by
leaping into the Water, and you *Empedocles*
into the Fire, the one by Chance,
and the other out of Design, made
too much Haste to resolve not only
Philosophy, but the *Philosophers* them-
selves into their Principles, and to
plunge the vital Particles of your Souls
into their Elements. But yet so the
Errors of this Philosophy, excuse those
of the Affections, and since our Hungry
Souls, as well as Bodies, are Nourish'd
with those things whereof they Con-
sist, you'd Swear the Drunkard had a
Liquid Soul, and the Tyrant a Bloody
one infused into them; you'd Swear,
the fordid *Misers* were just Enlivened
out of the Mud, and that the Stoical
and Barbarous, were Hewn out of
a craggy Rock, and so still con-
time.

Plato's
Conviv.

time with the Statues of Men. But if we fancy, with *Aristophanes* in *Plato*, that from the common Seminary of Souls, or from the joynt Society of a Man heretofore double Bodied, the familiar and colleague-Souls were sent into the World, methinks this they render probable, while like the Parts of a divided Insect, they seek out for the other Half; or, when they run in to Embraces at first Sight, as Persons mindful of their former Intimacy. So that the *Platonick* Man is now all over Memory, whose Love, as well as *Philosophy*, is nothing else but *Reminiscence*.

The first
Philosophy is the
Desire of
Eternity.
Diotima.

Yea rather whose Love is the very Exercise of Philosophy (for I willingly and deservedly Ascribe both to you, *Diotima*) that is, To Elevate our heaven-born Souls together with their Bodies, to a perpetual Intuition of Heaven, (just as the Bird of the Sun is fed only with his Rayes) and to Vegetate them with a Desire of Eternity. This is that mysterious Ardour, which makes us Mortals always emulous of divine Perfection, out of Love with the Meanness of our Condition, and for a Remedy hastens to

strip

strip the Man of the part which is frail.
Hence, as if we had a Legion of Eyes,
we take a Prospect (which is more
than the Sun himself can do) of both
ends of the Earth at once. Hence
Amphitryo could at once Discharge
the Affairs of his House, and of the
Camp, and though Remote, accompa-
ny his Wife, and that not (as the
Poets will have it) in the Fiction of
Disguise. Hence Circumscribed with
no Bounds, either of Time, or Space,
we live another Life after the First,
either in our Friends, the Guardians
of our now alienated Souls, or in our
Children, the Heirs of our transmit-
ted Life, both lending and borrowing
Breath.

While I Muse on these Thoughts,
Plato offers me a nearer Experiment:
And I presently turn *Platonick*, swear
that this *Cupid* (tho never so Blind,
and content only with Thought, where-
with he pursues divine Objects, and
yet born from the Sight) is nothing but
a desire of Enjoying, and Forming Beauty
in something Beautiful. The Truth
is we are willing to Enjoy, and being
able always to Content our selves
with the barren Delight of Contem-
plation

The De-
fire of En-
joying
Beauty.
Plato.

plation and Courtship; that from the
 Conflux of associated Splendour, and
 from the Conjunction of Stars, the
 Glory and Influence may Increase
 and our Star improve into a Constel-
 lation. And as Pictures, so Faces of
 too Majestick Beauty, whose Bland-
 ishments are above our Fortune and
 Hopes, affect the Spectators with some
 Pleasure, no Desire. And that Por-
 tion of Beauty, which recreates the
 Sight with the sweetness of Symmetry
 and Complexion only, will find more
 Spectators than Lovers, as setting forth
 the prettiness and graces of a deligh-
 tful Prospect, such as are better re-
 presented in Painted than living Fa-
 ces. Nothing that's Barren and Dead,
 excites Vital Affections; nothing
 that's Inanimate, Influences the Soul.
 Neither is there greater Pleasure in
 Enjoying, than in Forming of Beauty.
 There's a natural Energy which Pri-
 viledges the Mind, as well as Face,
 with the art of Imaging it self, where-
 ever it fixes its Aspect. Hence 'tis
 that all Beauty delights in a Look-
 ing Glass, and rather than want a
 Spectator, applies its self to its own
 Image, looking back on it self. I say

And of
 Forming
 it in some
 thing
 Beautiful.

the peal to you, *Socrates*, the Master both
 of Love and Morality, whose Employ-
 ment was the same when a Philoso-
 pher, and when heretofore a Statua-
 rian: You still continue your Old
 Trade of Carving and Polishing Men,
 but you seek out more excellent Ma-
 terials, whereby to dignifie your Me-
 chanism. And, for this Reason, you
 Stock your School, like a *Seraglio*,
 with such Handsome Pupils as *Phæ-
 drus* and *Alcibiades*, who might easily
 imbibe your Soul, and return you your
 Image with Advantage, as being more
 clear than a Looking-glass, more ten-
 der than Wax. Whatsoever that is,
 which, like the Stars, with its heav-
 enly Light, transcends the Envy of Mor-
 tals, invites a Religious Awe, and with
 a specious Lure, intices Souls to itself,
 does indeed, so wholly possess them,
 as not to suffer them to turn aside to
 another Object. Nothing can dazzle
 and inflame our Minds, but what is
 presented to us under the Tincture of
 these Rays, but what moves and strikes
 upon the Senses. Our very Vices
 impose upon us under the Amiable
 Mask of Virtues. And as often as
 we are pleas'd to Err with Nature,
 and

Nothing
 is Lov'd
 but under
 the Noti-
 on of
 Beautiful

Because
nothing is
Deform'd
in Nature.

and with a *cross-grain'd* Love to Delight in such Children, which their Parents behold with Horror; as often as we seek among Herds and Monsters for something to be adopted into humane Society, as well as into a Constellation, we have this pleasant Privilege to Boast of, That we need not fear a Rival, and to pretend an *incongruous* Diversion in the jarrings of Nature; And lastly, to be able to shew something to the Beholders more Ugly than ourselves. Unless some will maintain, That there is nothing Deform'd in Nature, since those Creatures which the Author of them has doom'd to Obscurity, as the *Shame* of the Creation, lest they should Defile the Light, have a Decency from their very Horror, and set off the Face of the Universe like Moles and Shades. For we ought not presently to conclude that which is less Grateful to the Sight, to be down right Ugly, but a rare and unusual Spectacle, and such as the Nice and Curious use to procure at any Cost. What may not there be Sacred, where Owls and the most Vile Creatures, have been Deified, and Ador'd by Men? Where since there is

no Deformity, neither is there any Hatred, nor the Name of *Antipathy* used out among the Sects of the *Philosophers*? Why do you tell me, in your Lectures of Sobriety, how much the *Calwart* declines the *Kine*? Even as much as the abstemious Patient, upon the advice of a Physician, not because he Loaths the Wine, or for the sake of Temperance, but merely to consult his Health. So the Wolf preys upon the Lamb, and the Fire upon the Water, not out of any Hatred, but for Self-preservation. Neither do they avenge Injuries, but endeavour by the most close Embrace, to Convert another into themselves. So neither does one Man abhor the Person of another, but only his Inhumanity as a Vice, and so is Concern'd for Himself. Neither do we Envy other Men their Endowments, for any Spite we have at Them, but are only too Sollicitous for Our selves; either because we think anothers Credit a diminution of our own, or else because willing to become cheaply Good, we would Adopt the Vertues of others to ourselves, with the sole Labor of a Wish. If there be any Contention in Nature, sure tis a Loving one, such

There is nothing also of Hatred or antipathy in things.

such as Constitutes and increases common-wealths, a *Social Robbery*, a consulting our Welfare by alternate Losses: neither are these to be call'd spoils, but gifts Indulg'd by course. All craves Love, if these Wars were managed by your Darts, if *Helen* must be still obtain'd through Rapi'n and Slaughter, and *Venus* must belong only to *Mars*. And yet 'tis worth the while to Die, that we may Indear her to us. Neither do I wonder, since an Ambitious Vying for Beauty, bred a Quarrel among Goddesses, if poor *Paris*, and the rest of Mortals, with Rival Ambition, should put in for the fair prize. From the time that Love, the Parent of the World, wrought out a Symphony from the discord of things, and Wedded together *Vulcan* and *Venus* in a Mutual Embrace, that is, Flames and Waters, and cemented the most disagreeing things in a sort of *checquer-work*: from the time I say that he hung out this great Frame of the Universe, like a rich Map, adorn'd with Beauty and Order, bestood himself, like other Artificers, the first Judge and admirer of his own Work, and made the first experiment of those Charms of Beauty which he himself imparted. Thus

Love the
Artificer
of things,
and their
Beauty
was like
other Ar-
tificers the
first admir-
er of his
own work.

if you would know) that Order of Beauty, from which things derive not Softness and Infirmary, but at once Ornament and Compactness. I take Beauty to be nothing else but the Consummation, Quintessence, and Maturity of every thing. I think that Beautiful and Splendid, which is All that which it should be. Observe how the same innate Vigour gives Strength and Beauty to the Arm, how Jewels thoroughly imbued with it, send forth soft Rays among their Rigid Sparklings ! How the lively Moisture at the Root makes Fertile, and Adorns with the Verdure of an Emerald ! Thus we all find by Experience, and yet cease not from Wonder, That a Mind compos'd within, smooths out the Forehead ; an ingenious Texture of Thoughts, recommends the Face beyond the greatest Artifice of Dress ; and that a refined Mind, Serenes more than the Blood. The Soul shines through her native Veil, as a Lady's Face through that of Silk, or as the

That is Beautiful which is All that it should be. Beauty is not Softness, but the Vigor and Ripeness of every thing. The same innate Vigour gives Decency, Strength and Ornament.

Beauty is a certain Sublimate of the Body, the Flower of internal Virtue. An Efflux of the Soul. All Beauty consists of Proportion, of the knowledge of the Soul, and the Manners of the Body.

Obscure

obscurer Sun dispenses his Rays here and there, and *Strains* Day-Light through a Cloud. I am apt to believe That the divine Guest does choose out a fit Habitation for it self, or according to its Proportion, like Snails, forms a House Contemporary and Equal to its Owner. So Graphically does the Body express the Lineaments of the Soul, that no Garment seems more distinctly to Decypher those of the Body. This, this is that brightness of the unsullied Soul, which illustrates every Feature, and moulds the Limbs into legible Characters, that by the Likeness of Souls, others may be Allured, till the Original Form being observ'd, and the Deity within discover'd, the earthly Mould be disregarded. For alas, what an inconsiderable thing is that Beauty of a Face, which entertains our Eyes with the daily Spring of fresh Graces, which we shew one to another in a Rapture, and although possess'd with a Rival Concern, yet call in *Auxiliary* Votaries to share in our Admiration? We are taken only with a Superficies, a Colour, a Reflexion of Light, yea a most empty Shadow, which if we gaze

gaze long upon, it wears away and disappears before our Eyes. And what poor little thing is that frame and structure of Limbs delineated as with Rule and Compass? If that be all, Statues may boast of a neater outside than Man, and the House of a more Elegant Model than the Inhabitant. What an inconsiderable thing is that Motion which lends such a graceful Meen, to Bodies Imitable by no Painters? Suppose it more Soft and Uniform than the Downy Gildings of the Celestial Orbs, or of time, Careless, Loose and Unaffected, it has this only Apology for its Meanness, that while it Pleases, lest it should also prove Tedious, it passes away, Extinct even while it begins. But all this while I seem too Partial to the Errors of Lovers, and the Encomiums of Beauty, by supposing all that which is thought Handsome in Bodies to be the Shadows and Imitations of a real Decency, and not rather the Dreams of Imagination, and the Paint of our own Opinion. For 'tis not that which we behold, but what we imagine to our selves, that we are in Love with. Tell me if you can, whence it comes

Beauty is Consummated in the Consonancy and Symmetry of the Complexion & Lines or Frame of Motions

All the Grace of the Body is either imaginary, or the paint of Opinion,

to

to pass, that the same Face is of so mutable a Beauty, as to cause an alteration in others when they meet it, which to you Transcends the Beauty of the Stars ? Whence is it, that some are mightily Inamour'd with the soft and hypocritical Resemblance of the other Sex, and others again are more taken with the somewhat more than Masculin Horror of an unpelish'd Countenance ? Whence is it, that to some, what is so little as almost to escape the sight, is the more acceptable, under the notion of delicacy and Prettiness ; and to others again, that which is Ample and full the Eyes, seems the only comely and majestic Object ? Why, the changeable colour of a Pretty Face, like Pigeons Necks, borrows an Imaginary Beauty which it has not, from various Aspects, and Diversity of Postures.

Or if real,
'tis unworthy to
detract the
Soul.

I'll deliver my thoughts with freedom : What ever that appearance is which feeds the Eyes, 'tis either Imaginary, and of such a Nature, that we must needs lose it when Awaken'd out of our sweet Dream ; or if Real, 'tis unworthy to Terminate our Souls, and should only provoke, inform, and send

send them farther. How can that strike so Gratefully on the Mind, which the Eye only Enjoys, and knows not how to Communicate? For the Contagion of no Beauty, except that of the Mind, is so great, as to Transcribe it self on the Beholder, as on Water, or a Looking-Glass. It must some way resemble God and our own Souls, that is, be Incorporeal, whatever does but Sojourn in our Minds, much less is Adopted by the Affections. Although even that very Air of the Body, of how little Force soever, be also something Immaterial, and, like the Soul, rules at large, *All in all, and all in every part.* 'Tis easily to be seen, there is some Efflux, Ray, and I know not what Vigor, either of the Soul, or of an Idea, which running through all the Actions, diffuses it self throughout every Member, and assimilating all things to it self, collects the *System* of Graces into the Face, where they settle, as in their Center.

Here the Boy *Cupid* keeps his Court, Inthron'd in the *Metropolis* of Beauty: Here he plays with the Beholders, kindles his Darts from the wanton Flashes of Eyes, and hurls living Flames. Here

E

indeed,

It must be of Kin to God and our own Souls, that is Incorporeal, whatever lodges in the Mind: Even that Beauty of the Body is Immaterial.

But because the shadow of Beauty, breeds only a shadow of Love.

indeed Love playes in his Minority, but when grown to Maturity he changes both his Camp and Artillery, first seating himself in the middle Region, between the Mind and the Body, the *Aspett*, he sports Innocently in the Confiner of both. But by and by he Advances up to the Soul, and enjoys a pure and *Seraphick* Flame, or descendsto the Body, and like a *Meteor* deceives with a Gross and fallacious Blaze. And, to use no more undervaluing Invectives, this one thing abundantly confirms the Infelicity of this Passion, that it always has more Influence on the Absent than the Present, and that the sight or Embrace of a Body does always drive us either to Loathing or Madness. What God is this which Chastises the Madness of Erring *Cupid* with his own Desires? Who is it Compels him still to Languish for what he Enjoys most of all, and so Passionately to Refuse what just now he more passionately Long'd for? He protests these were not the joys he Sought for, but that while he stood Unresolv'd what he should desire, and follow'd the Conduct rather of his Eyes than Judgement, he Lighted upon them by a Blind

and

The error
of this
Passion is
Punish'd
with self
disdain.

and unthinking tendency. But because these are the Shadows of that which the Mind Hankers after, She Wings away presently to them, like a Bird deceiv'd with Painted Grapes, but with them, as with *Phantastick* Food, She's rather Tormented than Fed. I must nevertheless acknowledge (since they who harangue most sharply against it, feel the Influence more Vehemently than they Deny it) that these Shadows of Beauty will beget also Shadows of Love. And as in the Soul we Adore the Similitude of God, so do we a certain Shadow of him in the Body, in both we Worship a Deity under a Type, and by an Ignorant Devotion become Courtiers of Divinity. For there's the same Proportion between the Mind and God, as between the Eye and the Sun; from whose Light it gains thus Much, that it Sees, and that it neither Delights nor is able to see any thing else without the Sight of Him, and yet can't Endure to behold the fulness of his Lustre, and therefore Loves to receive his Raies at second Hand, to View the Image of his Corrected Splendor, and to Refresh it self with feeble Delights and

In the Body we Adore the shadow of divine Beauty, in the Soul, the likeness of God, in both a Deity, under a Type.

Beauty, whether a Ray of God, or a Reflexion of an Idea, or an efflux of the Soul, is always something Divine; because 'tis the property of Man to love Beauty.

Shadows. Whatever that is, (whether a Ray of God, or a Reflexion of an Idea, or an Efflux of the Soul) which, under the shew of Beauty, Captivates the Eyes and Mind, must be something Divine, since 'tis the Privilege of Man alone, to Contemplate and be Affected with Beauty.

Pardon me, if I also, Ravish'd with the Love of Beauty, am carried beyond all Bounds, and leave even my Self behind, thro' the Extravagance of Transport. I am willing to abide here, where I find Love inthron'd in the most Beautiful part of the World, in *Heaven*.

And now I can't forbear Venting my Anger on those Mortify'd and Cynical Ghosts, (whose sage Morals license them to dislike ev'ry thing) who condemn all the *Errata's* of Humanity as the Intemperance of solid Benevolence, who inveigh against this God *Cupid*, as the Ring-leader to all Luxury and Voluptuousness, and the *Engineer* of all Tragick Intrigues and Villanies, whom we find our *Proxy* to gain us Immortality, and the Author of a divine Nature. This is the reward of simple and barren Love, which it receives

The Picture of Love Unveild.

37

ceives from its own luxurious Bounty,
(for where there is no return of Gra-
titude, Love has the same Revenue
with Liberality) it has repaid it self.

'Tis an abundant Reward to have well
Deserv'd. And yet there's a greater
Reward than all this sought after by
Love, to be paid in Kind, when Souls
growing Warm together, intermingle
Flames and Light, awaken'd by mu-
tual Alision, (as one piece of Iron
Whets another) and Cherish their
Ardours by a reciprocal Propagation.
They live to one another mutually,
by an exchange of Spirits, and in the
bottom of their Hearts, just as in that
of Transparent Water, their Faces
answer each other by Repercussion.
Certainly nothing is more Sweet than
to Love, or to be Lov'd, except this,
to Love, and to be Lov'd.

Love and
Love for
Love, are
Twins,
born and
growing
up toge-
ther.

For when our Love is unhappily
misplac'd, and such Creatures are Be-
troth'd to our Embraces, which either,
by a certain Necessity of Nature, or, by
their own Fault, are Ingrateful: When
with Nuptial Solemnity, *Xerxes* Em-
braces *Plato*, *Polydorus* a Statue, and
Lesbia a Sparrow, not more wishing
for, than undergoing a Metamorpho-

sis, and find the Poetical Fables Veri-
fi'd in themselves, being all over Ani-
mated with the Deity of Love, and by
the *Plastick* Power and *Affimulating*
Affinity of Affection, Converted into
Trees, Stones, and Birds; 'tis not the
least of all Felicity (when there is no
other way of Society, but that the
same person Personate a Companion
to himself) to Feign Dialogues, an-
swers and Delights proper to ones Self,
and so to Model our Happiness to our
own, not anothers Liking. Methinks
it pleases me to See the not altogether
Fruitless Affection, return upon its
Author, where that is the Refuge of
Delight, which in Amours is Esteem'd
the Chiefest, to Love again our own
Love, and like the Sun enjoy our own
Heat by Reflexion at least.

Neither does less Pleasure, but
more Honour attend that other Lot,
to be Belov'd. Whence Men more
Liberally Court others Affection than
they Impart their own. For this is
like Gods, to Extend their Dominions
in Mens Hearts, without the Pageantry
of a Sceptre. This Displays the
greatness of our Fortunes and Ver-
tues, and makes us oftner receive
the

The Picture of Love Unveild.

the Officious Services of others, than perform any our selves. Thus the Trophies of your Excellencies become Conspicuous according to the number of Captive Clients, which follow your Triumph.

But when on both sides there is an equal Contention of Officiousness, when there is a *Duel* of Courtesie, not with Complemental Ostentation, but with the highest shame of Yielding, and fear of less Obliging, then arises that parity of Reciprocal Benevolence which *Aristotle* Honours with that well known name, though of Rare Instance, *Friendship*. *Venus* felt these Reciprocal Tides at Her Birth, and so still continues a *Flux* and *Reflux* of Affection. That Equality which that *Leveller* Justice has been a long time to no purpose Endeavouring with her Sword and Balance, Love, with Ease, Introduces into the World, since it always finds Equals, or makes them so. Sometimes the Distances of Fortune and Merit, Cut off the Bands of Friendship, oftner than those of place. *Jupiter* must descend to the Earth, and put off the Raies of his Divinity, if he be Minded to Enjoy the Embraces

Mutual
Love is a
parity of
reciprocal
Benevo-
lence.
Aristotle.

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

of Mortals. And so he did ; nay, for fear lest he should not be Familiar and Despicable enough, he degraded himself below a Man, into a *Brute Deity*, and so procured himself easie Admission, sooner by Contemptibleness than Majestick Horror. *If you will be Reverenced, Sextus, I sh'ant Love you.* The Story of *Semele* sufficiently informs, what a great and *proud* Punishment it is, to *endure* the Society of a God. The Moral's good. An officious Cringing to great Personages, sweet only to the Unexperienc'd, comes nearer to Flattery than Benevolence, and is always suspected as an insinuating Art, of Bespeaking more than we Offer. 'Twas your Ambition which brought you hither, not your Sincerity, so that you deserve a place among my Servants, not among my Friends. Now therefore, we are at an equal Pitch, when I disappoint you of your hoped for Dignity, as you would have brought me down from mine. Yet sometimes we find humble Superiors, *ambitious* of Condescension, choosing a Reflection upon their *Scutcheon*, before a Diminution of their *Courtesie*. *Alexander* acts no longer the Em peror's part, and loses

Officious-
ness to
great Per-
sons is
Flattery
and Ambi-
tion, not
Love and
Fidelity.

It is Ser-
vitude not
Friend-
ship.

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

91

loses those Titles in Love which he had won in Conquest. But he loses them with greater Glory to *Hephestion*, content that *Hephestion* might be King, so that himself might be a part of his Kingdom. He makes over all those honourable Courtships which he received from others, to *Hephestion*; while he serves his *Hephestion*, he seems to enlarge his Territories, and to enjoy another World. We all acknowledge Love to be a sweet and restless Desire of pleasing them, who (either by Accident or their own Vertues, or lastly our own Mistake) have any way gratifi'd us. It matters not much, as in Life so in Friendship, whate'er is the Origin of the Heat. It inlivens the Heart with a never the less durable and daily Motion. The importunate Votary resolving to tire or overcome you, or in dear and please you, heaps one good turn upon another, and when there is no more room for his Officiousness, he serves, with empty Endeavours, and looking still like one doing good, obliges by his very *Well-meaning* Countenance. He cautiously Fathoms the Inclinations of his Friend, by heedful

Barclay's
Icon Animæ

E 5.

Ex-

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

Experiments, and for the very Sollicitous fear of Displeasing, Deserves to please. He thinks it of great use sometimes to have Displeas'd, that so he may either Hate or Correct his Behaviour. For to be as much like him as is Possible, is all one he thinks with being good and Happy. Wherefore he feels his Pulse more *Scrupulously* than a Physician, examines the most Inward Motions of his Breast, serves him upon strong Presumptions, and Executes his Wishes, scarce yet known to himself, before they Discompose him with the first *qualms* of a *Breeding* desire. Neither will he ever Satisfie himself, though he has the other abundantly, that it may appear he Indulges his Officious Instinct, not with a design of Insinuation, but for the bare pleasure of serving, as if by the *Predestination* of Nature, he were *mark'd out* for a Slave to this one person.

You shall know (since you are so Inquisitive) that there is a Pedigree and Origin of Love, as well as Life. There is an order and Mutual respect between some, either Instituted by Nature, or Voluntarily undertaken; and this again is either among persons of like

Simplicius
upon *Epi-*
sterns.

like or Unlike Dispositions, which occasions the Union of some, and the Dissociation of others. But as for that tye of Blood, 'tis a more Contingent thing; such as argues no Merit of Benevolence, which because Obtruded upon our unconsenting Breasts, we did not Admit, but Unknowingly Sustain. And now it brings as much of Burthen with it as of Necessity, and, what is Worse, this Lottery of Birth imposes upon as a Necessity of Honouring, even the most Wicked and Vile Persons; and what's more against the Hair yet, it exacts every where an equal and common rate of Affection, according to the custom of Countrys, such as must not be Diminished, and yet can't well be improv'd Higher. Pardon me ye Ghosts of my Kindred, if I Adore the name of *Friend*, as far more Sacred than that of *Parent*. We indeed own all that to Love, which, by the Hereditary Error of an ealie Piety, we Ascribe to our *Parents*. For it happens from their own Mutual Love, not from any Kindness to us (whom they knew not they should Produce but from the Oracle) that we enjoy the Benefit of this light. And we with as little natural kind-

ness

The name
of Friend
more Sa-
cred than
that of Pa-
rent.

ness for them rejoice to see the Light, not our Parents, and being as ignorant of them as they were before of us, are apt to bestow our *unprejudic'd* Embraces on any else (as if they were our Parents, or might as well have been) with a fond Innocency. So much Philosophy we may learn from that little Age, that we are not so much the Offspring of a Man as of Mankind, and Born to all in Common, and that Nature should share in our *filial* Gratitude. Neither are Domestick Friendships kindled and cherish'd by nearness of Blood, but Conversation, and the sweet Society in Calamities and Errors, together with Congratulations arising from common Miseries. I am much Mistaken if Lovers be not nearer of Kin to one another, and engaged in so much the straiter Bond, by how much Reason exceeds Nature, and the force of my own Choice is more prevalent, than that of Consanguinity. For 'tis the sweetness of conforming to ones own Laws, which makes every Man so constantly *Loyal* to himself. But when Nature and Choice shall both conspire, with how prone and easie Instinct does that Affection move the Mind, which
flows.

The Union of Will as far exceeds that of Blood, as Reason does Nature.

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

95

flows from Nature and Will, link'd together in a *silent* Consent ! If it be our Lot to be Born and Educated . to the Love of any Person, (Nature and studious Care contributing to Fashion us after his Pattern) if the Stars of any mingled their Lights before in sociable and friendly Conjunctions, if the Species of any be Congenial and Innate to us from our Nativity (for Nature does sometimes, either for Knowledge or Defence, like breeding Mothers, imprint some Marks on the Members) how greedily do we imbibe their Aspects, as familiar to us from the Cradle, and more certainly known than by a long Conversation ! How do we redemand this Image, as a Piece snatch'd from our own Souls ! How do we swallow down the Breath and Voice of this Person like vital Air ! How do we run together with an indeliberate Propension, without the Ceremony of kind Salutations, like Lovers after Absence or Divorce, renewing their Caresses ! Thus these Souls, involv'd all over in a *Voluntary* Slavery, engage in a mutual League, not tarrying who shall give the first Love-stroke. Just like those who swear to, and sign Bonds without
ever

ever Reading them, and yet can never dissolve the Sacred tye, nor Cancel their solemn, though inconsiderate, engagement. 'Tis anothers consent and not their own, which Ratifi'd these engagements, so that they have made over the Liberty of consenting, nay the whole right of themselves, to the power and pleasure of another.

Love is a
God.

But, O *Cupid*, the least of Gods, and greatest of Deities, I should think it less than your Deserts (if yet there could be any thing greater,) that you are Deifi'd by those bold Philosophers the Poets. You have this property of a God, to be unknown and to receive Homage from Men. You have this also of a God, to govern Men with a silent Influence, that they may yield to your Motions, though not understood by them, or else to draw them by Compulsion. To the beck of whose Majesty all contrary Passions pay Allegiance and Attendance. As often as you are disposed to Divert your self, the most high flown Pride strikes Sail, the most daring Courage Trembles at the Lucid Darts of an Eye; Covetousness it self, turns Prodigal in a Voluntary Oblation of rich presents,

sents, and the Suddenly Eloquent illiterate Heir now no longer Buys Poems with their Poets, but himself becomes inspired and Composes. And to pass over with Religious silence your other divine Attributes, that you are a Circle, Eternal, Immenſe, and that you Engroſs all that Office of Providence, to preſide over, and to preſerve; this one thing confirms in me the belief of your Divinity, that your only Religion ſtrikes an Awe into the moſt profane. They ſo manage their Courtſhip as if they were performing ſome Religious Rite. They look Paſſionately, view their habit Curiouſly, and compoſe themſelves to all the Solemnity of Reverence. And to what end all this? That they may Addreſs themſelves to their Miſtriſs as to an Altar. Nay more, that they may be decent even when Abſent. For, whom we Love, we Fancy always preſent, the Judge of our Actions, the Supplier of Vertuous and Ingenious Thoughts, the Proſperer of all our Heroick Undertakings. Whom the Sailer Supplicates for a Calm, the Traveller for a ſafe Return, the Souldier for Victory and Booty, out of which he may make her

a present. Well, henceforth let it be permitted to Lovers, to Compliment one another with Metaphors fetch'd from Heaven, to Court in the Sacred *Dialect* of Religion.

It is Fire.

Neither do I think any one can Envy at the Divinity of so mild a God, whose anger may be appeas'd without Slaughter, who does not, like other gods, require Beasts, but only chearful Votaries for Sacrifice, and that he may not want Temples, erects flaming Altars in humane Breasts. Nay, the little God himself being converted into Fire, by a continual supply of Flames, takes care for his Worship. 'Tis certainly so; as often as I see the pensive Inamorato venting his Passion in deep-fetch'd Sighs, he minds me of the Fire which is immured in a Cloud, redoubling Murmurs and Thunders, and at last expiring in a Fume. As often as I see him bedew'd with the Sweat of Tears, and boiling over with Groans, I call to mind the Flames of *Aetna* and *Vesuvius*, breaking out among the Flames of Snow and Ashes: Or, methinks I see the great *Chasms* in the Mid-Sea, occasion'd by the Eruption of Fire. As often as the short-liv'd Fire of a

CONT

Counterfeit Passion, displays it self in Imaginary and *Scenical* Flames, I then consider in Man fictitious Blazes, Fires resembling those of the Celestial Lamps, *Meteors* of Affection. Again, Love in this respect resembles Fire, in that it serves only to the Benefit of Men, and the Worship of the Gods. Again. in that it heats and inlightens our Fancies, insomuch that *Apollo* as well as *Bacchus* owes his Rise to the Flames of Love. Again, in that it Rages against the *Bars* of Opposition, gathers new Strength from Allays and Impediments, and is fomented by Injuries and Provocations, as Fire by the Aspersions of Water. Then as to the Properties of the Ethereal Fire, it Burns and Refreshes, is Immortal without Fuel, Self-sufficient, (for Love is content with it self, being its own Reward) it is Inviolable, not to be polluted by the Contagion of Filthiness, expiating and purging the Crimes, which it cannot admit, equalling the Virgin-excellency of the Vestal Flames. Lastly, it has this one Quality more of the Celestial Fire, that for the security of the Universe, it has obtain'd a Supremacy of Station, that 'tis seated in the
top

top of all, guarding and enclosing the Inferiour Passions. In this one thing the parallel Halts; that it extends its vital Influence beyond its Sphere, to the production and Conservation of Animals. Thus is Love Parallel'd with the two Purest and most powerful things either above or under the Cœlestial Arch, *God and Fire.*

Occult
Love like
a subterra-
neous fire
burns, but
gives no
light out-
wards.

But among all the Miracles of My-
sterious Love, this is the most Con-
founding, that often-times in the
Interior parts of Men as well as of the
Earth, there Glows a *Subterraneous Fire*,
which spreads its Contagious Fever,
without the least outward *Symptom* of
a Blaze. So that when we feel it
Burn, and yet can't give an account
how it came to be Kindled (unless
any of us are of Opinion that the Flame
was Congenial to the Breast, and upon
the Conviction of this Experiment
grant the Soul to be Fire) we deny
it Burns at all. So loath are we to
own our Ignorance by admiring at
the Unaccountable Harmony of Souls
equal to that of the Spheres; when
every one has contrary Motions of
its own, and yet partakes of the
same; as if govern'd by a certain

com-

common Intelligence. 'Tis our daily wonder, whence the Strings of Hearts as well as those of Lutes, mutually Sympathize with such Consent, that the Trepidations of the one are seconded with the Correspondent Tremor of the other. We stand Amazed at the Surprising Symphony, unknown even to the Musician, and Swear these strings were heretofore taken out of, or now Skrew'd to a Unison, in the same Entrals. Wee'l grant the Physicians their Paradox, that *motion is only a certain consent in Bodies* (a no small advantage to their Art) being well assured it holds true in Souls.

Motion is consent as in Bodies, so in Souls.

Neither let us any longer doubt to affirm with *Plato's* Guest, that Love is a Magician. For how do souls Kindle and conceive Seeds of Love, with a secret Touch? How do Lovers, like Enchanters, burn and Melt the dissolving Hearts of Men, by Images and Representations? How do beautiful Eyes, like those of the *Basilisk*, Enchant the greedy beholder, Insinuating, and Interweaving their Raies with his, till they Knit Love-knots, and Manacle him, looking backwards with chains of Embraces? What else were those soft Allure-

Hence Love is a Magician.

lurements by which *Endymion* charm'd the Moon out of her Orb? What else are those enticing Groans, but Magick Murmurs, *Philtres* of Discourse, and Amorous Numbers? What else but Charms of Horror, which, with a blast of Air, strike Astonishment into the Hearers? What else are Love-tokens but Spells, which instill a sweet Poison into those who wear them? I know not whether the powerful Attractions of the Person Lov'd, deserve my Admiration, more than the Magick Figures of the Lovers obsequious Postures, and enchanting Blandishments, against which, there is not, as in other Incantments, the Remedy of a *Countercharm*; neither indeed, would we un bewitch our selves if we could, or resist the pleasing Methods of our Ruin. Truly, all the force of Magick is in Love, which is said to have the miraculous Power of attracting Things mutually together, and changing their Natures because the Parts of the World, like the Members of a great Animal depending on the same Author, and the Communion of the same Nature, are joyn'd together by one Spirit, informing the whole; and which is the most certain

certain sign of Union, are collected into a Globe, so that one part returns upon the other in a continual Round. 'Tis by reason of this Confederacy, and secret Commerce of Things; that by the mutual Attraction of Souls, Love, like a Disease contracted by Contagion, invades chiefly the Healthy, who yet by and by most willingly yield to the sweet Evil. And then the voluntary Captive more straitly hugs his soft and silken Fetters, then he is held by them, and does as little understand the Embraces which he Enjoys, as the Chain it self.

Methinks I feel the restless Calentures of Lovers, more clearly than I describe them, and seem to act my own Argument before I deliver it. I remember heretofore when was slightly deluded with Dreams and Images, and scarce knew what I sought after, I more truly endur'd the various Tides of my but newly raging Passion, than I decypher'd them. How did the first glance of my Mistress, not with a

The Argument of the Work is summ'd up by the by. There is the same Method of Procedure in Philosophy and Courtship. From Kisses to Embraces, from a Shadow and obscure Aspect, to intimate Visions, from Affection to Nature, and thence to the Cause of Nature.

rude

rude Image, but only the Shadow of it, colour my Blood, fashion my Thoughts, fix an Impression on my Soul, print my Mind with her own Characters, lastly, Seize the whole Man, and Assimilate me to herself! And yet there appear'd in my distemper'd Breast, no otherwise than in a troubled Fountain, only an Obscure and uncertain form and Shadow, such as is Feign'd to Inhabit the Regions of Death, Languid and Shy, Flying all Approaches, and Slipping through an Embrace. By and by lifting up a little the Veil of *Cupid*, and viewing with the greediness of a

By so many steps and degrees are inquired after the manner of Lovers, the Effects and force of Love, the Dowry and Parantage, whom it is convenient to Love, in what manner, what measure, for what end, also the Degrees and kinds of Loving.

Wooper the Divine form of my just tasted Felicity, my Ignorance (as all almost is) Restless and inquisitive, madame Curious of examining every Particular, as what manners, what Dowry, what seat, what descent? For this uses to be first and last in the Cares and joys

of Lovers, as to Recollect the first sportful Essays and Rudiments of their Amours, so to make Enquiry into the Years and honours of their Parents, and to

ravel

travel their Friendship, back to its noble beginnings.

Although it be a sign of greatness and Antiquity, and has procured Religious Reverence to many things, to have their Originals beyond the date of Chronicles, Seal'd up to Oblivion, as to Eternity; 'twill be no Crime, I hope, to relate and Adore the beginnings of Love: Which is so happily Obscured by that Consecrator of things, Antiquity, that like Heaven, it has found a Fabulous Origin. I hear some telling me of *Preludiums* of Love, which Souls act in the *Proscenium* of the other World, before they enter upon the *Stage* of this. I hear that Souls Descended from the Stars of their Nativity, still imitate their manners and Conjunctions. That as often as the wantonly disposed Planets Treat one another with Quintile Aspects, and Burn with a nearer Flame, then 'tis Wooing time among Men. That as often as they mingle Embraces with their *Conjugal* Raies, then they kindle Marriage Torches here below. And lastly, that they do not only shew us Mortals the way, and prosper us in it, but also make Matches, and Betroth us here

Thence enquiry is made into the definitions and natures of Love. Lastly we ascend up to the causes and Origin of Love.

The friendships of Men are not to be

on

ascribed
to the
Conjunctions
of the
Planets,
but to a
threefold
Impulse
of every
Man's Nature.

Either to
a Zeal for
themselves.

on Earth. But to leave this fanciful Argument, my Philosophy assures me, 'tis not the Heat of Heaven, but that Native one of the Breast, which Congregates *Homogeneous* Things, and inflames Men with an ardent Love of Society, either out of a Zeal for themselves, or out of a Desire to succour Infirmary, or a Design of Self-communication.

The first of these, Nature has imparted to every one, as a Tutelar Deity to each in Particular, and as a common Soul to all in General. Whence whatsoever resembles any part of a Man's Self, becomes ally'd to him on the score of that Similitude. Hence Superiors are Wedded to Inferiors, in a mutual Relation. These straitly Embrace the other, as their Pattern and Defence. The other protect these as their Utensils and Workmanship. But the easiest Association is between Equals, because free from the unconsidering Awe which attends a Superior Fortune, and the Jarrings of Untunable Dispositions. Whoever are Confederate, by the Communion of Nature, Enjoy so much the more Pleasure in their Conversation, because they were most closely United

ted, even before any Personal Contract.

But if any suppose that Companions are repair'd to, as a Defence of Weakness, that to Love, is a kind of Begging, and that the Embraces of Men, like those of the Vine, and Ivie, only seek out Stronger Props for their Support: Let him Observe, that for the Patronage of this Infirmary, Love is Feign'd to be a Boy, and that Children and Women, and whatsoever is of the Infirmer sort, are most prone to Love. Let him observe, that Virtues themselves are sought for, by Mankind, only among the Necessaries of Life, and that they are either instruments of Ambition, or Reliefs of Indigence. Let him know, that all the Terms of Alliance, are indeed words which import Succour, and that, by those things which we Honour, with the most Sacred Titles, are understood only the various Commodities of Life. These are the things (to Confess the Truth) which we most lovingly call by the name of Brothers, Sisters, and Parents.

Faint or blind Nail

Or to ad-
lire offlu-
coursing
Infirmary.

Or to a
design of
self com-
municati-
on.

Neither is a Friend esteem'd any thing better than an *Asylum* of Refuge, and a proper Possession.

Lastly, if we suppose Men to be moved by a Fermenting Appetite of self-Communication, and after the Example of God, whose Image they bear, to make a *Donative* of themselves; we shall think, what's more Noble in its Self; and what's more worthy of that Sacred and *Sociable* Creature; and what comes nearest to the Genius of Heaven, more freely to impart, than receive an Influence. For every Man, as other Creatures are made for him, so he is Born, for more than Himself only, and Accordingly, is Ambitious of Accomodating himself to Others. As much as every one is Ashamed to Confess his Penury, So much does he delight to shew himself Rich, by Communicating his Goods, rather than desire the Alms of another. Hence we see some Souls, *Generous* of doing Good, call in, and Adopt Associates to share with them in their Felicity, and take it as a great kindness to themselves, to have an

occasion given them of Benefiting others. So that 'tis a greater Pleasure to have a Friend in your Prosperity, when you are in the Capacity to give, than in your Adversity, when you must always be on the receiving Hand. My own Planet, has not been such a Niggard to me, that I should want Experiments of this Liberality, or should need a Proof elsewhere. Nay, even this very acknowledgement of my Gratitude Condemning it self, because a Favour is more joyfully bestow'd, than either Receiv'd or Repaid, does sufficiently Evidence, that the Genius of Humane Nature has Prescribed it self this Sole way of doing of Good, and out of Magnificence of Spirit, has Rejected the Laws of Gratitude. Since the former proceeds from fullness of Mind, the latter is Extorted by Necessity. In the former, there's the glory and state of a Superior, in the latter, the Reverence and Modesty of an Inferior. He Errs, even to Pity, Dazzled with the Splendor of a more glorious Fortune, who cannot en-

A Favour
is more
joyfully
bestow'd
than ei-
ther recei-
ved or
Repaid.

Man-kind
is divided
into two
sorts some
born to
serve, o-
thers to
Protect
and Che-
rish. There
is mutual
Benevo-
lence be-
ween
them both,
but they
are more
liberal
who be-
stow the
Man, than
they who
bestow the
Goods.

Love a Kindness; neither does he
act Ingratefully, nor Proudly, but
only, Magnificently beat in spite
of his *unperforming* Fortune, and Re-
fusing to Yield in the Combat of
Generosity, declares, he would ra-
ther have been the Author of the
Kindness, which he had more Mu-
nificently bestow'd in Wish, before
he Receiv'd it. When therefore you
see some born to serve, others to
Cherish and Defend; you turn over
both the Leaves, not so much of
Fortune, as of Nature and Benevo-
lence. But you should confess them
Superior, and more Liberal, who
bestow the Man, than those, who
with a cheap Munificence permit an
Effusion of their Goods. So that
either way, the Fire of Love does
more willingly Descend, than Ascend.
Nay, this Passion always Descends,
(since 'tis the part of the more ex-
cellent, and Noble to Love) and
in a Prime Channel, is Propagated
through the Degrees of Alliance, as
Man himself is.

For there is the same Method,
and Procedure in the growth of
Friend-

The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

241

Friendship, as in the Constitution of The Ori-
Kingdoms. The heat, first passing gin of
through the Channels of the Blood, Friend-
Creeps out of its own private En- ship pro-
closure, into Families; then the Vein ceeds in
Bursting, as it were, with an Eager the same
Fermentation; it Expatiates farther, order as
to Allies and Fellow-Citizens, that of
we must return to them, (lest we Kingdoms.
should seem to be more concern'd
for the Dignity of Love, than for
Truth, or be liable to Blame, for
instituting other Measures of Loving,
than what are Popularly Receiv'd,
and for Steering right against the
Stream) who, propose us to our-
selves as Patterns, yea, and causes
of Love. For this is the Merit of
Benevolence, earnestly to wish well
to ones Self. This is the very de-
sign of a Lover, to recover him-
self Lost in another, to Cherish him-
self with the kindly Heat, and by
a certain Vital Energy, to convert
all into his own Nourishment. So
that 'tis no wonder, that Vertue,
which enjoyns a Neglect of our
Selves, Suffers her self a greater
Disregard from the World. How-
ever,

ever, let us not think it a Shame to be Belov'd, as if this were to be Mock'd, and Neglected, under the pretence of Officiousness. You must know, that every one Loves ill, but he that Loves himself; and that none in Loving themselves, design their own Advantage, although by Loving, they profit themselves by Accident. All Self-Love, therefore is a Generous thing, by which we kindly Affect, what ever we are, or would be, as what is, or what should be Allied to us. All of us are so touch'd with that Ambition of some (who insert the Arms and Honours of their Ancestors, among their own Titles) that by a Corruption of Herauldy, we Adopt whatever is Excellent, into the Table of our own Kindred. So the Emulous Cities contend about the Praises of *Homer*, in an Unreconcilable War, as if for the enlargement of their Territories. Hence the Splendor of Vertue, which is the chiefest Security of Mortals, next of Self-love, Kindles those, of unliking dispositions at the first Flash; and

Self-love
is a gene-
rous thing
by which
we ardently
affect
whatever
we are or
would be.

and that which adores the Deity, is Adored it self. Whose power is such, that there is none of so desperate Impiety, who is not in his Wish, and Approbation, I had almost said Mind too, Good; who, would not he had Exercis'd that Vertue, which as yet he does not, and who does not heartily Embrace that Vertue in another, which he does ill away with in himself.

From this double Impulse of Nature and Reason, the first Impulse of reason carries us to what we would be. Hence the first causes of Love are Vertue, and its Shadows, with whatsoever carries the semblance of it.

Whither does this first Impulse, not of Nature only, but Reason Carry us? Cheated with a Voluntary Imposture, we fall Prostrate, before not only Vertue, but any thing which bears the least Shadow or appearance of it. Sometimes that difficulty (which guards the path of Vertue, with a Sacred Horrour, and keeps off the Profane Rabble) Pushes us forward, and Intices with its indearing injuries. The honey of Lips, gains a more Exquisite Relish from the Interposals of Stings. To Watch at the Window of a Mistress, to suffer a Repulse from a meaner Rival, or to be

Dis-

Disrespectfully used, are all but Spurs, to future Pleasure; like as squeezing the Hand, and Wounding the Lip, with the Eager Rudeness of a biting Kiss. Sometimes Rarity (which through the Sloth of the Age, seems almost peculiar to Vertue) Recommends Monsters to our Fancy, and all Outlandish deformity.

'Tis well known, also how prevalent are those Allurements of Lovers, which are Rank'd among the chiefest Shadows of Vertues, Praises, which are dearer to Women; than their Looking-glass, or Box of Perfumes, with which, as with incense Men, as well as Gods are Appeas'd. How easy is it by this art, to please both our selves and others! How easy is it by these pretious Blandishments, to please the most Chast Matron! For all, even the most Modest, love to be Commended, and those who refuse to be Lov'd, are yet Ambitious of appearing Lovely. Both are Arguments of a Mind ver-
tuously Disposed, though to Praise,
be

The Picture of Love Unmov'd 125

be a more certain one, than to be Prais'd. For to be Prais'd, is frequently the *Lot*, always the *Ambition*, of the most undeserving, as Deformed Persons covet Paint. But none can Praise, and himself not be Laudable. He does the same, or would do, who approves, and is Illustrated from the Excellencies of another : As he that erects a Statue, to the Memory of an Heroe, erects also at the same time, to himself a Monument of Vertue. For this seems an high flight of Merit, not to Exercise Vertues, but what's more, to Reverence and adore them. These are those darts of *Cupid*, which are pointed with his Feathers, which while they Tickle, wound the Deeper, and like Arrows deliver'd Strongly, and at a Distance, reach those who are most remov'd from us. But to make Flattering Preambles, and *Bribe* Benevolence (the usual art of Rhetoricians and Lovers) seems all one to me, as to dawb the Lips with Paint, preparatively to an Embrace, which always instils a sweet Poy-

120 The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

Poison, and insensibly Corrodes the
Kings.

Among
vertues
thesemore
pro-
fitable
ones cause
Love.

So much are we Men the Creatures
of glory and Vertue, that I fear
I would not be much for our Hon-
our, to Confess, that among Ver-
tues, we Embrace them most which
are Profitable. Whether they be
those which Exercise and invite Hu-
manity, as Modesty and Equity; or
those which preside over and pro-
tect it, as Fortitude and Munificence.
Which, when we our selves are no
way advantaged by them, we Gra-
tulate in the behalf of others. But
as Emulation, so Munificence inclines
our Affections to other Vertues;
Although its excellence be so much
the greater, by how much the Re-
ceiver is less Deserving. Because
then the Kindness is wholly to be
Ascribed, not to the Judgment, but
Favour of the Benefactor, and be-
cause for our sakes he would run
the Hazard of being reproachfully Be-
neficial. The Liberality is no sooner
above the Horrizon, but that o-
ther, which is Inbred in the Heart
of Mankind, shines parallel to it.
And

And although, perhaps at first by an Erroneous Estimation, it valued the giver, for the sake of his Gifts, yet afterwards, it values the Gifts, for the **Author**, whose Parental Indulgence, extended it self beyond the Partition-wall of his own Family, and Adopted a Stranger with the same Domestick Affection, as an Allie into his *Hospitable* Bosome. Here over-loaded Gratitude Faints, and finding it self Uncapable of returning any thing, besides the Man, Repays its Patron as a Deity, with the bare Votary. And truly, in my Opinion, he betrays no such generous Ardour of Mind, who returns Benefits as Debts; and *Pays* Gifts, that they may quit Scores, and that Accounts may be kept even on both sides; as if they were Dealing only in a more Liberal way of Usury. 'Tis not Affection, but Pride, which makes a Man so Impatient of Lying under an Obligation: This is not to Receive, but retort *Kindness*: This is with more Disdain, than Gratitude, to Boast Riches, in a
Con-

118 The Picture of Love Unveil'd.

Contention of Munificence. But since true Benefits aim at nothing but a kind Reception, he only knows how to be a *liberal* Receiver, who Candidly Interprets, and retaliates nothing, but a Grateful Mind. Neither does he think this any valuable return of his own Liberality, but only the pledge of another's. But lest any one should think I Insinuate this as an Apology for my Incapacity, or Ingratitude, let him know, that I have perswaded my self, that Friends give with that Candor, as if they paid only that they might owe, and return Gifts with such freedom, as those that give of their own accord.

Benefits These are Benefits, these are those
are thear- Arrows of *Cupid*, which with a
rows Golden point, gave a *Splendid*, but
of *Cupid*, *Faithful* Wound. More Powerfull
arm'd
with gold. Truly is the Courtship of *Jupiter*
under Gold, than under Feathers,
or the Rays of his Divinity. For
gifts are the universal Character,
whereas, 'tis the Talent only of
some few, to understand the Idiom
of

The Picture of Love Unveil'd. 119.

of Majesty, and the soothing Flourish of a Rhetorical Pen.

Shall I now say, that from this gentle Humanity of Mind, proceeds a good Natur'd Commiseration, which softens the Breast like Wax, and then Seals it with any Image? Or that from this ampleness of Mind, flows that *prond* Benignity, which while it seeks occasion to exercise Munificence, Loves the Miserable, even to Passion, and Scorns the Happy? Or shall I think, that from hence arises a Generous Stateliness, which is more Ambitious of Bow'd Knees, and Heads, than Embraces; and Loves, only on this *Magnificent* Condition, that it be not Lov'd again? Or rather shall I term this a soft Modesty, like to theirs, who can endure to Eye another, till he look back upon them?

From Liberal
rises commiseration, which softens the breast, and then signs it with an Image.

And

Beauty is
rank'd a-
mong the
Vertues,
which
holds
forth an
animated
System of
Ethicks,
and ex-
presses in
the body,
all the
Vertues,
prudence,
fortitude,
justice and
tempe-
rance.

Hence 'tis
call'd a
corporeal
Vertue.

And now we Confess with three
Plato, the Divinest of all Philosophers,
a wonderful Scene of Love, dis-
play'd throughout the whole Body,
where Vertue Exposes her self to
View, where the Candor of the
Mind, Tempers the Blood with a
Milky Whiteness; and Modesty
dies the Cheek with a sweet Ver-
million; where the liberal Fore-
head, *hospitably* entertains the Be-
holders, and the Glances of the
Eye are gathered up like scatter'd
Gems; where you may perceive
the *Discipline* of a Composed Coun-
tenance, Gravely Checking, and
Allaying those Sparks which it
Kindled in you, by its Beauty.
Where you may observe the Dic-
tates of a quick apprehending Aspect,
and Imbibe *tacit* Lessons of Pru-
dence; where you may see Regu-
larly disposed, by a Certain Bal-
lance of Justice, the even Measures,
as of Manners, so of the Limbs,
and peruse a *living* System of Ethicks
with your Eyes; where, when you
shall behold the Lucid Members
joynted.

oynted to one another, like Gems,
both for Ornament and Service;
Wondring a while at the Com-
pacted strength of *solid* Beauty, you
will Cry out, Hither *Vulcan* with
thy Nets ! Behold, we have taken
again *Mars* accompanying *Venus* !
This is a Beauty, worth the Em-
pire of more than one World.
Thanks be to *Jupiter* and his Eagle,
that the Earth is not Envy'd the
possession of so great Beauty. Hence
the Divine *Plato* may with Rapture
and Ecstasie Deduce Theorems of
Philosophy, and Contemplate a
fairer Idea with his Eyes, than e-
ver he did with his *Mind*. *Socrates*
may send his delicate Youth to
Trim themselves, at the Superlative
lustre of this Face, as at a Look-
ing-Glass. And here *Eudoxus*, fall'n
from his Admiration of the Sun,
may affirm Mankind was made on
purpose to view this Light; and to
Feast on *brigh* Pleasures, though
to the loss of their Eyes. There
are more powerful Charms in the
aspect of this form, than in *Orpheus*,
his

his Lyre to tame Wild Beasts, and Philosophers. This Splendor, more Delight-some than Day-light, is fitter than the Sun, to try and Educate the Off-spring, not of Eagles only, but of Mankind too. I would almost swear, that our Souls descended from the Sky, as falling Stars, they are so Inamour'd with all Brightness. These are the Arrows of *Cupid*, pointed with the light of Eyes, and Sparkling out Flames, which *Shine, Burn and Wound*.

All Love, is comprehended in likeness. Wherefore we all Love either whom we would be like to, or whom we are. From the former arise those spurs of a tasted Love; from the latter, first similitude it self;

Thus whatsoever is Excellent; whatsoever we would be like to, Attracts us to it self, with the same Ardour, as we do those things which we see already to Resemble. We Mutually Crave, and give Pardon to this Madness of ours, which makes us do the same, when Men, as when Children, viz. To reach out to Kiss our Pictures in Looking-Glasses. 'Tis the Fate of all Mankind, as well as of *Narcissus*, to be Passionately in Love with their own Representations. And 'tis but just, that we more Zea-

lously

lously Affect our other Self, than our Parents or Children, who are but pieces of our selves ; or than an Artificer does his own Work, which is only the Product and Image of his art. 'Tis an Excusable Greediness which Prompts us to Feed upon our like, since 'tis the Nature of our Souls, as well as Bodies, to require Consimilar Aliment. Wherefore I don't Wonder at the Bewitching power of Custom, which Recommends to our Affections, not only Faces, but places themselves, and inanimate Trifles, as if they were our Companions. Whence the same delay, which insensibly Preys upon Beauty, adds also grace to Deformity. Thence custom;

For the Eye and Mind Tinctured with a Familiar Species; ~~scarcely~~ longer but through Painted Glass, which takes off from the Horror of the Object. So also Familiarity, without which we are Remote, even when present, adds this Force to Custom, that it may form *Twinn manners*, by a Reciprocal Generation. Thence familiarity.

tion, beget a *Consanguinity* of Dispositions, and Adapt Mind to Mind, till anothers Conversation is more sweet and Free to us, than our own. What? 'Tis Torment, not Society, to be under a Constant fear of Displeasing, to Compose all things to the worst of Looking-Glasses, that of a Face (since we can't to the others Mind) to order our Commerce with reverential Concern, to Weigh our words like Gold, before we Deliver them, to present our selves at a set meeting, with premeditate Gesture, and then, there to behave our selves, as in a Theatre.

Also im-
det the
name of
similitude
Love.

But why do I mention those con-
similar Species, which either Na-
ture, art or Custom, slightly imprints
on our ~~Senses~~ Senses? When 'tis Love,
which gives all these a Lively
Stamp, by whose power alone (the
Soul having long since took her
leave) they are Actuated and Enli-
ven'd. Happy is it for Lovers, that
Persons may Love, even against
their Wills. Since your Lover is
not

Familiar Soul Closes Fast, and Squares exactly to another. Just as Mathematicians say, one plain Body Adheres to another, Inseparably United, only by the *Cement* of Conformity. Nature seems to bring forth *Twin-minds*, and to assign Mates to Souls, as Shadows, and Genius's to Bodies, or as Nymphs, Co-eval to their Trees. Hence, Men in spite of their Ascendent, undergo the same Stars and Fates, and in all respects, are Twins. O the Unparallel'd Generosity of these well Match'd Lovers, a more Noble Spectacle than a Couple of Gladiators! Where the *Duel* of Liberality is all Fought, in Offices of Mutual Kindness. In this one thing, there is Discord in their Affections, that both being over Solicitous for each other, are disquieted with Hatred and Fears. Both as if Tinctur'd with each others Choler, see and judge the same. Both as if Touch'd with the same Load-stone, tend to the same Point in all their designs and Endeavours. The one represents the others Face, more faithfully than a Looking-glass.

The

The Picture of Love Unseen.

The one Imitates the others man-
ners more Punctually than a Parasite.
So that even he himself, is not so
much like himself.

While I was Scribling at this Rate,
Cupid snatch'd my Pen out of my
Hand, and Flew away with it.

MYSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Both as if I touch'd with the same
Loadstone, tend to the same Point
in all their designs and Endeavours.
The one represents the others face,
more faithfully than a Looking-glass.

The

A Postscript.

SInce the Commission of this Book to the Press, there came to my hand a Translation (if it deserve that Name) of *Effigies Amoris*, upon the Perusal of which, I was so far from being induced to recall Mine, that I found I had now a greater Reason than ever, to make it Publick; (*viz.*) the Vindication of the Excellent and much abused Author. The *Sacrilegious* Translator is as much a Stranger to me, as he is to the Idiom of the Latin Tongue; and therefore, I shall deal more Civily with him, than to give any particular Instances of his Failures, and shall only say in general, That between Omissions and Mistakes, the Author is utterly Lost. I had

thought my self Obliged to Con-
sult the Authors Credit, more
than the Translators, lest any
should Judge the Original Beauty
by the Injurious representation of
a false Glass.



FINIS.

